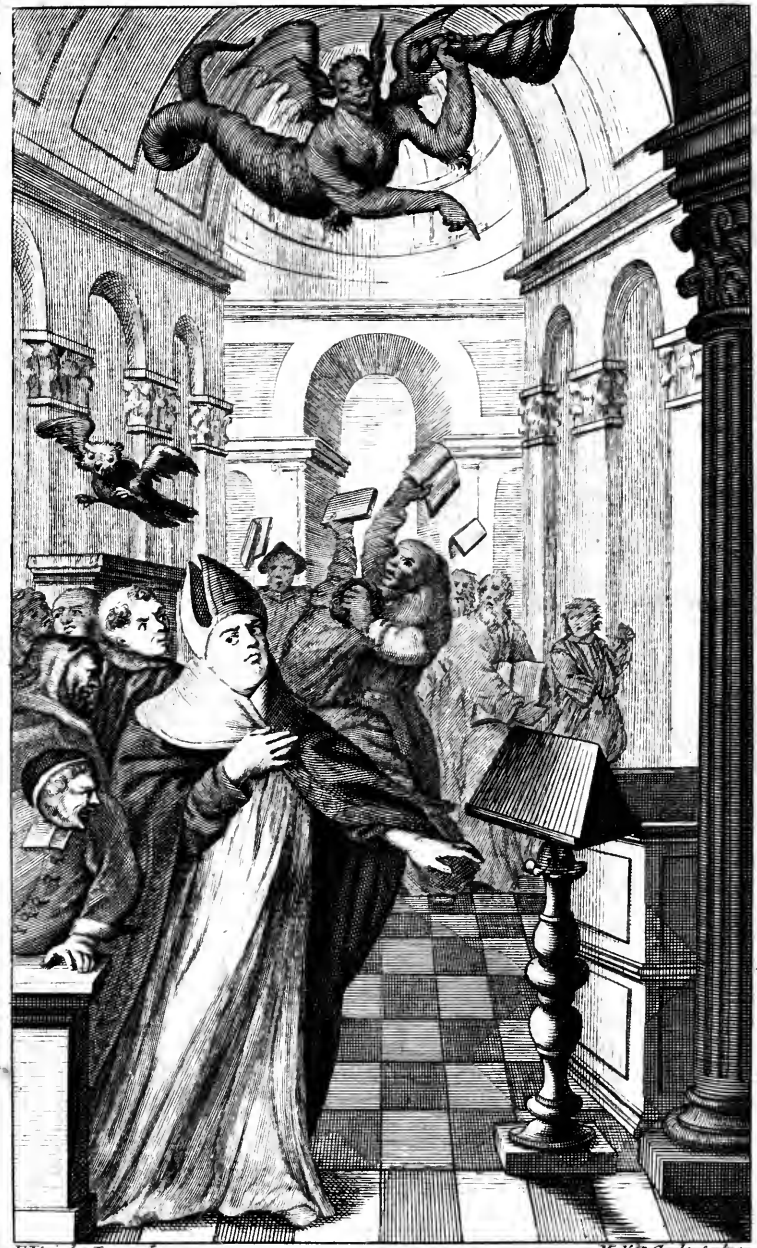
Aug. 6. 1762.



T. Knight Inven.

M. V.r Gucht Sculp.

BOILEAU's

LUTRIN:

A

Mock-Heroic

POEM.

In Six *CANTO'S.*

Render'd into Engliſh Verſe.

To which is prefix'd ſome ACCOUNT of BOILEAU's Writings, and this TRANSLATION.

By *N. ROWE* Eſq;

Tantæne Animis Cœleſtibus Iræ? Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for R. BURROUGH and J. BAKER, at the *Sun* and *Moon* in *Cornhill*; E. SANGER and E. CURLL, at the *Poſt-Houſe* at the Middle *Temple-Gate*, and at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*. 1708.

Monſieur *BOILEAU*'s

PREFACE.

WERE in vain now to deny that the following Poem was occaſion'd by a petty Quarrel that happen'd in one of the moſt celebrated Churches of Paris, *between the* Treaſurer of the Relicks, *and the* Maſter of the Choir; *otherwiſe call'd the* Prelate *and the* Chanter. [*The latter it ſeems being a Man of a forward incroaching Spirit, had made ſome Steps towards an Invaſion of the Rights and Privileges of the former; which he not brooking, and being reſolv'd to humble him, bethought himſelf of ſetting up in the Choir a ſort of a Reading-Desk* (Lutrin) *upon the very Overture of the*

Chanter's *Seat, and ſo block him up.*] *The Fact is true, and that's all. The reſt is mere Fiction from the Beginning to the End; and all the Actors in it are not only invented, but induſtriouſly drawn quite oppoſite to the true Character of the Miniſters of that Church, who for the moſt part, eſpecially the Canons, are Men of great Virtue and as much Wit: There's one amongſt 'em, whoſe Opinion I would as willingly have upon my Performances, as of a great many Gentlemen of the Academy. 'Tis not therefore to be wonder'd, that no Body took Offence at this Poem, ſince in Truth no Body is attack'd by it. A Spendthrift is not troubled to ſee a Miſer expos'd; Nor does a Religious Perſon reſent the ridiculing of a Rake. I ſhall not mention how I was engag'd in this Trifle upon a kind of a jocular Challenge made me by the late Monſieur* Lamoignon, *whom I paint under the Name of* Ariſtus. *A particular Narration of this Matter, does not ſeem to be at all neceſſary. But I ſhould think I did my ſelf a great deal of wrong, to let ſlip this Opportunity of informing thoſe who are ignorant of it, how much I was honour'd with that great Man's Friendſhip, during his Life. I began to be known to him at the Time when my Satyrs made the greateſt Noiſe; and the obliging Acceſs he gave me into his illuſtrious Family, was a very advantageous Apology in my Behalf, againſt thoſe who were minded to accuſe me of Libertiniſm and*

ill

ill Morals. He was a Man of an amazing Knowledge, and a passionate Admirer of all the good Books of Antiquity, and this was what made my Works the more tolerable to him; fancying he perceiv'd in 'em some Taste of the Ancients. His Piety was unfeign'd, and yet had nothing in it that was stiff or troublesome. He was not at all frighten'd at the Title of my Works, Satyrs, where in Truth he found only Verses and Authors expos'd. He was pleas'd often to commend me for having purg'd this Sort of Poetry from that Obscenity and Filth, which till then, had been as it were, peculiar to it. Thus I had the good Fortune not to be disagreeable to him. He let me into all his Pleasures and Diversions, that is to say, his Studies and Retirements. He favour'd me sometimes even with his strictest Confidence, and open'd to me the inmost Recesses of his Soul. And what did I not see there! *What a surprising Treasure of Probity and Justice! What an inexhaustible Fund of Piety and Zeal! Tho' the outward Lustre of his Vertue was exceeding great, it was infinitely brighter within; and 'twas visible how carefully he temper'd the Rays of it, not to wound the Eyes of an Age so corrupt as ours. I was sincerely struck with so many admirable Qualities; and as he always discovered a great deal of Kindness for me, so I ever return'd it with the strongest Devotion for him. The Respects I paid him were not mixt with any Mercenary Leven of self-Interest, and I made it more my Business to*

profit by his Converſation, than his Credit at Court. He died at the Time when this Friendſhip was in its higheſt Point of Perfection, and the Remembrance of ſo great a Loſs afflicts me daily. Why muſt thoſe who are ſo worthy to live, be ſo ſoon ſnatch'd from the World, whilſt the Worthleſs and Undeſerving are crown'd with Length of Days! I ſhall ſay no more upon ſo ſad a Subject, leſt I wet with Tears the Preface of a Work purely Jocular.

SOME

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF

BOILEAU's Writings,

And this Tranſlation.

To Mr - - - - -

SIR,

IF Criticiſing other People's Works, eſpecially living and late Authors, were not a Task that I am by no Means inclin'd to, I ſhould have ſooner anſwer'd your Deſire, and

told you what I thought of Monſieur *Boileau*'s *Lutrin*, and the Tranſlation of it into Engliſh Verſe, which you did me the Favour to ſend me in Writing.

M. *Boileau* and his Works, eſpecially this of his *Lutrin*, are of ſo great a Name in the World, that I think it a pretty bold Attempt to endeavour to tranſlate him; not but that I muſt confeſs I know but few Hands cou'd have ſucceeded better than this Gentleman has done. Amongſt that Little that I have read of the *French Poetry*, M. *Boileau* ſeems to me without Compariſon to have had the fineſt and the trueſt Taſte of the beſt Authors of Antiquity; his violent Paſſion for 'em and famous Diſputes in their behalf are too well known to be told over again now; it is very certain that he had 'em ſo perpetually in his Eye, that he form'd moſt of his Poetical Writings ſo cloſely after their Models, that in many of 'em eſpecially his

his *Satyrs*, he can hardly pretend to the Honour of any thing more, than having barely tranſlated them well; and I am apt to believe that if the Deſign of the *Lutrin* be entirely his own and Modern, it is becauſe there was nothing in the ancient Poetry of this kind for him to draw after. However it is very plain that ev'n in this, *Virgil* has been of great Uſe to him, and ſupply'd him with ſome of his fineſt Images; to mention one Particular only, every Body may ſee, that his *Fury* who ſets the good People at *Paris* together by the Ears, is a manifeſt Copy of *Alecto* in the ſeventh *Æneid*, or indeed is rather taken from *Juno* and *Alecto* together, as both contriving and executing the Miſchief her Self. I won't pretend to give you a Critical Account of this Kind of *Mock-Heroic* Poetry, if it can be call'd a Kind, that is ſo new in the World, and of which we have had ſo few Inſtances. I call it new becauſe

I take *La Secchia Rapita* of *Tassoni* to be the first of this Sort that was ever written, or at least that ever I heard of: As for *Homer*'s Battle of the *Frogs* and *Mice*, I take that only to be a Tale or Fable, like those of *Æsop*, amongst which it is to be found, and ought rather to be rank'd among the Writings of the *Mythologists* than those of the *Poets*. Whatever Name or Title the Criticks may be pleas'd to dignify or distingish this Sort of Writing with, I am sure it has had the good Fortune to be very well receiv'd: The Reputation of the *Lutrin* in *France*, and the *Dispensary* in *England*, are two of the best Modern Instances of Success in Poetry that can be given.

And since I have mention'd those two Poems together, it may not be Improper to observe, that in the Latter of 'em, tho' writ upon a very different Subject, there are some Passages that are plainly

plainly Imitations, or indeed even Tranſlations of the Former; Thoſe who will take the Trouble to compare 'em, now they are both in one Language, will be beſt able to judge, how near the Tranſlator of the *Lutrin* comes to the Beauties which all the World has ſo juſtly admir'd in Dr. *Garth.*

I won't venture to ſay this Tranſlation is the moſt correct and finiſh'd Piece of its kind that we have, but I believe moſt People will allow, That the Author of it is perfectly Maſter of *Boileau*, and in ſome Places has even improv'd him, to mention that only of,

Dans le Reduit obſcur, &c.

And ſo on for a Dozen Verſes; where I think the *Engliſh* at leaſt Equal, if not Superiour to the *French.*

The General Turn of his Verſe is agreeable, his Diction Poetical, and very proper

proper to the Subject, and that whatever Faults there may be, they are meerly verbal, and may very well be receiv'd under that good natur'd Allowance which *Horace* makes for those

——Quas aut incuria fudit

Aut humana parum cavit Natura.

That which indeed to me seems most liable to an Exception, is, that the Gentleman has taken the Liberty in some Places to depart from his Author, and to substitute other Persons and Things in the Room of Those which he has left out or chang'd; and that while he still retains the original Story, and keeps the Scene at *Paris*, he makes use of the Names of Men and Books in *England*, unknown to and unthought of by Monsieur *Boileau*, and particularly in the Battle of the Books, where he makes use of some *French* and some *English*: I could

could have wiſh'd indeed they had all belong'd to one Nation; For tho' the Satyr upon our own Countrymen is very juſt and entertaining, yet I muſt always think the Poem would have look'd more of a Piece, if the Names had been all as they are in the Original, or that elſe removing the Action and Scene entirely into *England*, the Names of Perſons, Places, *&c.* had been all *Engliſh*, and ſo the whole had been rather an Imitation than a Tranſlation of M. *Boileau.*

After all I am ſenſible that it may be eaſily enough reply'd in Defence of the Tranſlation, that as it is intended for *Engliſh* Readers, and more eſpecially for thoſe who don't underſtand *French*, ſo a long Bead-roll of dull *French* Authors who are grown into ſuch Contempt, that they are hardly read, or even known in their own Country, would be but an odd Entertainment

to

to People here, who never heard of 'em before; besides it must be allow'd, that one may very easily apprehend the Plaisantry of the Satyr in the Original, by the Translator's mustering up a Set of *English* Authors of equal Degree and like kind of Dulness with those mention'd by M. *Boileau.*

As for the Objection of his having chang'd the Persons, I believe a Subject of *Great Britain* may be very easily forgiven if the Love of his Country and the just Honour which he has for his Sovereign, led him to apply those handsome Complements to the Queen, which the Author makes to the King of *France* in some of the *Canto's*, and in others that of the Prince of *Conde* to the Duke of *Marlborough.*

It is not the first Time that Justice has divested that Monarch of Honours which he had long assum'd

to

to himſelf, to place 'em more worthily upon Her Majeſty: Nor is it now only that his Grace has been adorn'd with the Spoils of a *French* General. The Praiſe is, I am ſure at leaſt as highly deſerv'd, and as juſtly given by the *Engliſh* as the *French Poet*. And indeed I think the whole Tranſlation to be ſo well done in the main and ſo entertaining, that what little Faults are in it, if there are any, ought not to be taken Notice of, for the Sake of the Beauties. Nor had I taken the Liberty to ſay what I have ſaid of it, if it had not been to give you a Proof of an exact Sincerity in every thing where you ask my real Opinion.

I am

SIR,

LONDON,
April the 24th.
1708.

Your Humble Servant

N. Rowe.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord *HALIFAX.*

OUR Lordſhip is not to be inform'd of the great Reputation Monſieur *Boileau* has acquir'd by all his Works. They are eſteem'd ſo Nice in themſelves, that it has been thought by ſome as raſh an Attempt to tranſlate this French Author, as for an Engliſh General to attack an Army of theirs. The late Succeſſes of ſome former Campaigns have ſufficiently prov'd that their *Heroes* are not *Invincible*; and the happy Imitations of ſome of their beſt Pieces, that their *Writers* are not *Incomparable.* Not that I'm ſo

vain

vain as to Imagine the following Tranſlation deſerves to be mention'd in the ſame Breath with ſome I cou'd name. But certain it is, the *French* Genius may be match'd (if not ſurpaſs'd) in both, the *Pen* as well as the *Sword*; whatever exalted Notions to the contrary Some among us may have, who cou'd reliſh *Slavery* it ſelf, if it were but *French*. I do not intend any thing to the diſ-advantage of our Enemy's Wit and Knowledge, but only to put the Matter in a Way of Iſſue and let the Country try it. I have endeavour'd with the Aſſiſtance of my Friends, to do Monſieur *Boileau* all poſſible Juſtice in this Celebrated Piece of his, the *Lutrin*; I hope I have us'd him with that Civility which is due to one of the firſt Figure in the Commonwealth of Learning; I was going to ſay, with that Generoſity our Country-Men treat his at *Litchfield* and *Nottingham*.

But my Lord, if it really be ſo bold an Undertaking to tranſlate the *Lutrin*, it is unpardonably worſe to offer it to Your Lordſhip, whoſe *Penetration*, is equal to

Your

Your Noble *Birth*; and yet *Both* yield to the prevalence of your *Good Temper*, which with a like Indulgence receives the Homage of all ſorts of Perſons.

Upon this Foundation I preſum'd to ſet Your Lordſhip's Name on the Frontiſpiece of this Work; to be to it, what you are to Your Country, its *Ornament* and *Protection*.

If ever your Lordſhip ſhall alienate ſo much of Your Time from the *Public Good*, as to read this *Poem*; You will find in it very Great, but neceſſary Variations from the *Original*; whether for the better or the worſe, I ſubmit to *You*, from whoſe Judgment there is no Appeal.

Nothing checks and deadens the Fancy more than a too ſuperſtitious Reſpect for the Original, eſpecially in Poetry; It is commonly the Cauſe that an *Idolatrous* Tranſlator (as *la Motte* calls ſuch a one) endeavouring too exactly to render *All* the Beauties of his Author, gives you in Truth *never a one*. Every *Minute* Circumſtance of a Thought cannot be preſerv'd with any tolerable Grace, nor is it indeed neceſſary; pro-

vided the Tranſlator makes amends for his neglect of what is leſs important, by Improving and if poſſible by Refining upon *Eſſentials*; which is better done by Studying the *Genius* and Copying the *Tour* and *Air* of an Author, than in adhering to a ſcrupulous *Detail* of *Phraſes*, ever flat and diſagreeable.

Thus a *Tranſlation* may be Excellent, and by this an Equitable Reader may judge of it's Merit. A Picture is but the Tranſlation of a Face, yet if *Apelles* or *Lyſippus* ſhall attempt an *Alexander*, Poſterity will pay an equal Veneration to the *Artiſt* and the *Hero*.

Tranſlation, in general, beſides its uſeful *Comunicative* Character to recommend it, and other Arguments that may be brought in its behalf, comes back'd with what moſt Arts and Sciences pretend to, *Antiquity*.

Did not *Terence* divert the *Romans* with the Original Comedies of the Greek *Menander*, turn'd into *Latin*, which ſerves as a Standard at this Day? And by what remains of *Alcæus* and ſome other *Lyrics*, 'tis evident how much *Horace* himſelf was oblig'd

to

to the *Greeks*, not by copying the Meaſure of their Numbers, but by imitating the expreſs Senſe of the Authors. To bring it nigher Home; we at this Day read *Ben. Johnſon's Catiline* and other Plays of his with Pleaſure; yet thoſe who converſe with *Tully*, know who furniſh'd him with his Rhetorick.

I expect the Critics will fall upon me for writing in this Manner to Your Lordſhip, as if I was giving You a *Leſſon* inſtead of a *Dedication*. I muſt confeſs it looks ſomething like it. But I rather chuſe to repeat to Your Lordſhip *what You already know*, than to exhibit a Bill of Your Perfections and Excellencies *which all the World knows*.

Monſieur *Boileau* calls this Poem of his, *Heroi-Comique*, Mock-Heroic; that is, a Ridiculous Action made conſiderable in Heroic Verſe.

If I diſtinguiſh right, there are two ſorts of *Burleſque*; the firſt where things of mean Figure and Slight Concern appear in all the Pomp and Buſtle of an *Epic* Poem; ſuch is this of the *Lutrin*. The ſecond ſort is where

Great Events are made Ridiculous by the meanneſs of the Character, and the oddneſs of the Numbers, ſuch is the *Hudibras* of our Excellent *Butler*.

Boileau, like *Horace*, was born equally for *Satyr* and for *Praiſe*. The *Lutrin* partakes of Both. The *Satyrical* Part, as 'tis very ſevere upon thoſe of his own Church, ſo I cou'd wiſh it were applicable to the *Romiſh* Clergy only and none other.

As for the Panegyricks ſo frequent in it, I know not why they ſhould not as well become the Queen of *France* as the *French King*, the Prince of *Mindleheim* as the Prince of *Conde*, and the *Atticus* of Dr. *Garth* as the *Ariſtus* of *Boileau*.

I am

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient

and moſt Humble Servant,

J. Ozell.

THE

Lutrin of Boileau.

A

MOCK--HEROIC.

CANTO I.

ARMS and the *PRIEST* I
ſing, whoſe Martial Soul
No Toil cou'd terrify, no Fear
controul;
Active *it* urg'd his *Outward Man* to dare
The num'rous Hazards of a *Pious War* :

Nor did th' Immortal Prelates Labours ceaſe,
Till Victory had Crown'd 'em with Succeſs;
Till his gay Eyes ſparkling with fluid Fire,
Beheld the *Desk* reflouriſh in the Choir.
In Vain the *Chanter* and the *Chapter* ſtrove;
Twice they eſſay'd the fatal Desk to move:
As oft the Prelate with unweary'd Pain,
Fix'd it to his proud Rival's Seat again.

Muſe, let the *Holy Warrior's* Rage be ſung;
Why *Sacred* Minds *Infernal* Furies ſtung:
What Spark inflam'd the zealous Rival's Heat,
How *Heavenly* Breaſts with *Human* Paſſions beat!

And thou Illuſtrious * *Hero*, whoſe Command
Aſſwag'd the Fire, whoſe ſalutary Hand
With more than *Æſculapian* Art cou'd heal
The *Schiſm-ſick Church*, and ſtop the growing Ill.

* *M. Lamoignon. Premier Preſident.*

Propitious

Propitious o'er these Sacred Numbers shine,
With thy bright Influence aid the great Design;
And as you deign a willing Ear to lend,
Religiously th' important Tale attend.

'Mid'st the soft Pleasures of Fraternal Peace,
In laughing Plenty and luxuriant Ease,
Paris beheld her † *Ancient Chappel* rise,
Florid in Years, delightful to her Eyes;
Her lusty Canons rosy Beauties grace,
And brilliant Health crimsons each ruddy Face;
Fatten'd with long and holy Luxury;
Deep sunk in Down, soft as their Furs they lie;
While there the sacred Sluggards waste the Day
In dull Repose——By *Deputy* they Pray.
They only watch'd that they might relish Rest,
And never fasted but to make a Feast.

† *L' Ancienne Chapelle* in *Paris* the Scene of Action.

Unhealthy *Mattins* wiſely they decline,
And ſubſtitute a *Journeyman-Divine.*

When *Diſcord* roſe a ſqualid guilty Shade,
Black as her Crimes, in ſable Night array'd;
Soft Peace with Horror view'd the Ghaſtly Spright,
And trembling fled her inauſpicious Sight:
The livid Fury her dire Courſe had run,
From *Church* to *Church* her *Viſitation* gone;
Then at the noiſy Hall's litigious Bar
She ſtop'd, and ſmil'd to ſee the pleaſing War;
Contemplating her growing Power ſhe ſtood,
And breath'd Contention on the jarring Croud.
In countleſs Shoals her faithful * *Normans* flow;
Normans whoſe Breaſts perpetual Tempeſts blow:
Squadrons of *Lawyers* here, drive o'er the Plain,
And *Clients* there, the dreadful Charge ſuſtain:

* *Litigious to a Proverb.*

The

The Lord, Clown, Senator, Fop, Bully, Cit,
Mingling in one vexatious Jargon fight;
Round *Themis* every Standard they diſplay,
And in the Wordy War conſume the Day.

The Fury raiſing then her baleful Head,
O'er the *Pariſian* Towers her Venom ſhed;
Unſhaken yet beholds one Church alone,
But one, that Peaceful durſt her Power diſown.
Sacred to pious Eaſe this Temple ſtood
Unſhook by Tempeſts in a raging Flood:
Of all her numerous Siſters only ſhe
Enjoy'd an undiſturb'd Tranquillity.

The *Fiend* at Sight of this offenſive Peace
Grins horrible, ſhe howls, her Serpents hiſs;
Then laſhing her thin Form, ſtrong Poiſon fills
Her Mouth; with Vengeance her lean Boſom ſwells;

Her Eyes in Streams of livid Lightning glow,
Diſtraction ſits malignant on her Brow.
What then, ſaid ſhe (and as the Fury ſpoke
The trembling Windows jarr'd, the Houſes ſhook)
Have my reſiſtleſs Fires theſe Hundred Years
Inflam'd the *Carmelites*, the *Cordeliers?*
Did not the *Celeſtines* my Fury feel,
Cou'd great St. *Auſtin*'s Order me repell?
Have I involv'd in Feuds the Miniſtry?
Have I made Convoc——ns diſagree?
And ſhall this Church alone rebellious dare
Cheriſh eternal Peace, when I bid War?
And am I *Diſcord?* Then may Tumult ceaſe,
If I've no Power to blaſt her boaſted Peace:
To hated Quiet let Mankind return,
Nor on my ſacred Altars Incenſe burn.

This

This ſaid, ſhe ſtrait aſſum'd a *Chanter's* Dreſs;
Such was her Shape, ſo formal in her Pace:
Her Warlike Viſage rich in Rubies ſhines,
Painted with the beſt Blood of generous Vines.
Thus dreſs'd, ſhe to the ſleeping Prelate flies,
In this diſſembled Form deceives his Eyes.

Deep in the Covert of a dark Alcove,
Form'd for the idle Gods of *Sleep* and *Love*.
A Downy Couch appears with wond'rous Care,
At great Expence ſecur'd from noxious Air:
Curtains in double Folds around it run,
And bar all Entrance of th' intruding Sun;
Artfully rais'd to lull each ſofter Sence,
Devoted to the Goddeſs *Indolence*.
In idle Riot there ſhe keeps her Court,
There airy Viſions, wanton Phantoms ſport;

Here negligently Dreaming out the Day,
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe the Holy Sluggard lay,
Strengthen'd with an immoderate Morning Meal,
The Glutton batten'd till the Dinner Bell:
Youth in its Flower blooming with vernal Grace,
Shone in his Eyes, and brighten'd on his Face;
His Chin enormous, overſpreads his Cheſt,
In three deep Folds deſcending on his Breaſt:
There doz'd the leaden Lump of ſlumbring Fat,
While the preſs'd Cuſhions groan beneath the Weight.

The *Fury* entring ſaw the Table ſpread,
In artful Order elegantly laid;
She *recogniz'd* the *Church*, and thus addreſs'd,
With her deluſive Words, the ſleeping Prieſt.

Prelate ariſe, quit this inglorious Down,
Or the proud *Chanter* will thy Power diſown:

He

He ſings *Oremus*, he *Proceſſions* makes,
With his reſounding Voice the Chappel ſhakes:
Without thy Leave thy Bleſſings he beſtows;
His Mouth with endleſs Benedictions flows:
Do'ſt thou then wait till this Invader's Hand
Seizes thy Mitre, takes thy high Command.
Shake off theſe idle Bonds, or all you loſe;
Renounce thy *Biſhoprick*, or thy *Repoſe*.

She ſpoke, and her infectious Breath inſpires
His troubled Boſom with contentious Fires.
The drowſy Prelate at her Words revives
Confus'd and frighten'd, *but his Bleſſing gives*.

So wounded by a Waſp have I beheld
A ſturdy Bull, Lord of the flow'ry Field;
Unus'd to Pain till then in amorous Play,
He Lov'd and Eat, and Wanton'd out the Day:

But

But now impatient Loves and Feeds no more,
The Neighbouring Forests tremble at his Roar:
With deep fetch'd Bellowings the noble Beast
Exhales his Spirits, and torments his Breast
At the vile Insect that disturbs his Rest.

Thus the gall'd Prelate's Rage no Balm can heal,
The Servants first his rising Fury Feel;
His Rage grows high, and kindling by Degrees,
From his stung Bosom drives inactive Peace.
He dresses, and oh Horror! makes a Vow,
Tho' Dinner waits, he to the *Choir* will go.
Wise *Gilotin* his Chaplain vainly strove,
With sage Advice this rash Resolve to move;
Councell'd, Intreated, every Danger told;
That then 'twas Noon, that Dinner wou'd be cold.

What more than frantick Rage (ſaid he) now
Reigns?
What wild *Capricio*'s hurry round your Brains?
Support your Luſtre better, think at leaſt
A rich laborious Prelate is a Jeſt:
Let a full Meal this uſeleſs rage expell;
Sharpen your Appetite, and blunt your Zeal;
This is no *Ember-Week*, the Church commands
No Faſt; impoſe not then theſe rigid Bands.
Great Sir, reſume your Senſes and your Food,
A Dinner heated twice was never good.

Thus *Gilotin*——Then pointing ſhew'd his Lord
The ſmoaking Soup attending on the Board;
The Prelate ſtruck with Reverence and Delight,
Stood ſilent conquer'd by the pleaſing Sight.

Victorious

Victorious *Pottage* ſtop'd his eager Haſte,
Soften'd his Rage, and broke his three Hours Faſt.
Yet the black Choler ſtrugling with his Meat,
Oppos'd the Paſſage of each luſcious Bit.
Good *Gilotin* expreſs'd in Groans his Care,
And politickly ſpreads the growing Fear.
His *Partizans* the dreadful News receive,
And feeling own a ſympathetic Grief:
In numerous Troops to their lov'd Patron flie,
And bravely ſwear to *Conquer* or to *Die*.

Thus when the fierce *Pigmean* Army crouds,
The Banks of *Heber*, or *Strimonian* Floods;
The haughty Cranes round their known Leader ſwarm,
And their invincible Battallions form.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the Sight, the *Prelate* rowl'd his
Eyes,
Confeſs'd his new-born Joy, and ſtrove to riſe:
His Colour grows again, his Voice receives
Its ancient Tone, and the whole Man revives;
The luſty *Gammon* reaſſumes its Place,
He ſcans and bleſſes every friendly Face.
Then to the general Health a Goblet ſwills;
Each Man the great Example takes, and fills:
The * *Cruiſe* bled pure Vermillion Nectar round,
And the *Deſert* their Entertainment crown'd.

And now the *Orator* prepares to ſpeak;
He groans as if his mighty Heart would break.
Then in a Voice to his Misfortunes bent,
Thus in a proper Tone began his Plaint.

* *A Church Veſſel.*

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious Partners of my long Fatigues,
You ſole Supporters of my Pious Leagues;
By whoſe Aſſiſtance I at laſt am made
Of a Mad *Chapter* the exalted Head.
To your inceſſant Services I own
All the rich Honours that imboſs my Gown;
And can you unconcern'd with equal Eyes,
Behold my Rival, and confirm his Joys?
Muſt I, the Creature of your Wiſdom, fall
A Sacrifice to that proud Chanting *Baal?*
Will you my Cauſe, and your own Right deny?
Can you and angry Heaven ſtand Neuter by?
(This Morn a ſacred Viſion I beheld;
A Deity theſe fatal Truths reveal'd.)
Yes, he has ſeiz'd the Fruits of all my Toil,
And inſolently glories in the Spoil:

He

He Daily bleſſes the unhallow'd Croud,
Pronounces *Benedicat Vos* aloud.
Horror on Horror! who can ſpeak the reſt!
Turns my own pointed Weapons on my Breaſt.

Here Tears and Sighs his faltring Language
break;
His Tears and Sighs too eloquently ſpeak:
Redoubled Sobs ſtopt the reſpiring Breath;
His Viſage darken'd, Choler ſtrove with Death:
But *Gilotin* the fierce Attack withſtood,
And a full Bowl repell'd the riſing Blood.

When *Sidrac* came, Age lengthen'd out his Way,
(The languid Limbs confeſſing their Decay.)
Four Ages in this peaceful Choir he told;
Knew Men and Manners well, was Wiſe and Bold;

And this rare Knowledge did his Merit raiſe,
From *Sexton* to the *Veſtry-Keeper's* Place.
He ſaw the ſinking Prelate, gueſs'd his Grief,
And with paternal Care brought ſwift Relief.

Then thus the *Reverend Sire*——*Prelate* revive;
To the dull *Chanter* uſeleſs Sorrow give:
Ariſe, reſume thy Spirits, and thy Power;
I will thy injur'd Empire's Rights reſtore:
Collect your Judgment, and attend with Care,
What Heaven and Heavenly Powers inſpire me, Hear.

Where now that ſupercilious *Chanter* rears
His harden'd Front, that Source of all thy Cares,
In ancient Days a well known *Desk* of Wood,
Fram'd of unequal Structure firmly ſtood;
There in the Choir, on thy Left-Hand 'twas plac'd,
And its large Sides a ſpacious Shadow caſt.

Behind

Behind this Work the humble *Chanter* ſat
In an obſcure Inviſible Retreat:
When forward to the radiant Day alone,
Attracting every Eye the Prelate ſhone;
Whether ſome *Dæmon*, to the *Desk* a Foe,
Or Nightly Force combin'd its Overthrow;
Or was it *Deſtiny*'s unerring Hand
That Pre-ordain'd it ſhould no longer ſtand.
One fatal Morning with ſurprizing Noiſe,
The great *Machine* fell down before our Eyes:
In Vain we at the Angry Heav'ns repin'd;
'Twas to the Veſtry in our Sight confin'd;
There thirty Winters hid from open Day,
Forgotten in Ignoble Duſt it lay.

Hear Prelate then——When nightly Miſts
arise,
And veil in dim ſuffuſion prying Eyes,

Let Three elected from this Friendly Rout,
And favour'd by the growing Night, ſteal out,
With ready Zeal the broken Maſs rejoin,
And to its priſtine Seat the *Desk* confine:
If in the Morn the *Chanter* dares deſtroy
Our glorious Work, and damp the general Joy,
Actions on Actions, Suits on Suits ſhall tell
The Church's Spirit, and her Servants Zeal:
Then Authoriz'd by Heaven you may engage;
This is a War worthy a Prelate's Rage:
Wou'd you to *Prayer* alone that Heart confine?
Let your great Soul in ardent *Action* ſhine;
Let a dull Country Vicar be content
With a long Life in lazy Preaching ſpent.
At *Paris*, Sir, You flouriſh——Then prepare,
Be Obſtinate, Vexatious, rouſe to War;
Be Active, Reſtleſs, Vigilant and Proud;
This raiſes you above the Vulgar Croud;

From

From common Crape diſcriminates a Lord,
And is a Prelate's Charter on Record:
Then throw your *Benedictions* boldly round:
Let every Place your *Benedictions* ſound.
Bleſs in the *Chanter*'s Sight, and never ceaſe,
With uplift Palms the very *Chanter* Bleſs.

This warm Oration the Aſſembly fir'd,
And every Soul with God-like Rage inſpir'd:
The Prelate with uncommon Ardor mov'd,
In a loud Out-cry *Sidrac*'s Speech approv'd;
Let then (ſaid he) a careful Choice be made
Of Three, Three worthy this Deſign to head.

Each pleads his Merit to the great Command;
Each Worthy ſeems in this illuſtrious Band.

Let Deſtiny, the Prelate then reply'd,
Let Fortune by deciſive Lots provide.
They write; Each hopes his own Immortal Name
Will riſe the Foremoſt in this Scroll of Fame.
Full thirty Names into ſmall Billets made,
Are in a Cap's round ſinuous Bottom laid;
And that no Fraud may their great Hopes deſtroy
Of a juſt Choice, they call a Singing Boy:
Young *William* ſtrait the great Deſign attends;
Bluſhing, his Artleſs Novice-hand he lends.

The Prelate with his naked Hands and Eyes
Thrice bleſſes all the Tickets; ſtirs 'em thrice:
The Infant draws: Firſt *Brontin*'s Name appear'd;
They all approve the Lot with due Regard:
The Prelate hop'd a lucky Augury,
And ſmiling wiſh'd the happy *Brontin* Joy.

When

When instantly the Name, that glorious Name
Lamour was drawn, belov'd by Gods and Fame;
The beauteous Barber, whose long flaxen Hair
Curl'd o'er his Shoulders, as *Adonis* fair;
Nor was bright *Cytherea*'s lovely Boy
More the soft Goddess's Delight and Joy:
Than he of * *Barberissa*; much she lov'd,
Much he, and each the others Flame approv'd;
For they were chain'd three Years by Love alone,
Before they clapp'd the MarriageShackles on.
His cringing Neighbours servilely submit
To this *Fastidious Hero* of the Street,
While his hot Courage flashes o'er his Face,
And in his Eyes *destructive Comets* blaze.

One undetermin'd Lot did yet remain;
The Prelate mingles, shakes 'em well again.

* *La perruquiere*, in *Boileau*; the Barbers Wife.

All crowd and watch the Draught with eager
Haſte,
Each hopes his own great Name may be the laſt.

Oh *Boirude*! how ſhall I thy Joys relate,
When in the Prelate's Eyes thou readſt thy Fate,
And ſaw in them thy faithful Name appear?
Such Tranſports, *Mighty Sexton*, who cou'd
bear?
Then thy pale Face which never bluſh'd before,
'Tis ſaid, with fluſhing Blood was purpled o'er;
Thy Gouty Limbs reſum'd their Youthful Heat,
And every Pulſe with Martial Ardor beat.
Boldly thy feeble Corps attempted thrice,
As oft alas! in Vain eſſay'd to riſe.

Fate

Fate has determin'd, and the joyful Croud,
With dreadful Shouts, confirm that Choice aloud.

Th' Aſſembly riſes, with applauding Noiſe
They ſlide away, and murmur out their Joys,
Leaving the Prelate with Fatigue oppreſs'd,
'Till a full Supper calm'd his moody Breaſt,
And laid his Anger, and his Limbs, to Reſt.

THE LUTRIN.

CANTO II.

MEAN Time the Monſter of Gigantick Size,
Hung round with opening Mouths, and waking Eyes;
Who far and wide tells what ſhe hears, and more;
Trav'ling from Clime to Clime, from Shore to Shore:
FAME, nimble Meſſenger, prepares to dart
A mortal Dread on *Barberiſſa*'s Heart:

Tell

Tells how her Lord, by a fond Fancy led,
That Night determin'd to forſake her Bed,
And to erect the *Desk.* Amaz'd to hear,
She firſt ſtood motionleſs, and froze with Fear:
At laſt, confeſſing Anger and Surprize,
With Hair diſhevel'd, and with flaming Eyes,
Her Wrath no longer able to conceal,
She thus upbraided his officious Zeal:

* And would'ſt thou hide this Miſchief of thy Mind?
And can nor ſacred Vows, nor Duty bind?
Dar'ſt thou then, Traytor, ſo perfidious prove
To plighted Faith, and *Hymeneal* Love?
Are all th' Indearments of a Wedded Life,
The ſoft Embraces of a tender Wife,

(A

* *Diſſimulare etiam ſperaſti, perfide, tantum*
Poſſe nefas?———
Nec te noſter, amor nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido.

Virg. Æneid.

(A Wife alas! juſt ready to expire)
Too Weak to conquer one unkind Deſire?
Falſe Man, wert thou oblig'd to wear away
The tedious Hours from Eve to dawning Day;
With well-form'd Curls, or with diſſembled Hair,
The Beau to furniſh, or adorn the Fair:
I cou'd, perhaps, without Regret or Pain,
The Want of *due Benevolence* ſuſtain;
Thy Abſence ſweetned with the Hopes of Gain.
But thus to leave your Partner in the Lurch,
With a mad Zeal in Favour of a Church?
Stay, cruel Man! Ah! whither do you run?
Why the Companion of your Pleaſures ſhun?
Have you forgot ſo ſoon? And can you ſee
Theſe flowing Streams, and not be touch'd, like me?
By all our Kiſſes, by our ſofter Nights,
And melting Sweets of Conjugal Delights.

If ever mov'd with *Barberiſſa*'s Charms,
You took the eaſy Victim to your Arms:
If by no previous Promiſes betray'd,
E'er join'd by Prieſt, I fell a willing Maid:
If thoſe yon glimmering Lamps, which rowl above,
Ne'er ſaw a ſecond Rival in my Love.
Ah! do not go! let me your Stay implore
But for one Night, and I will ask no more.

She ſaid: The Torrent of her amorous Flame
Threw on a truſty Stool the ſwooning Dame.
The moving Sight her Lord's brave Soul oppreſt;
Honour and *Love* contended in his Breaſt.
Till calling his known Courage to his Aid,
Thus to the Queen of his Deſires he ſaid:
(But with a Voice which ſpoke divided Care,
A *Lover's* Sweetneſs, and a *Husband's* Air,)

Madam,

Madam, Should I my Happineſs diſown,
And Joys ſo often reap'd from you alone;
I ſhould to Honour a curſt Traytor prove,
Unworthy of your Bed, and laviſh Love;
But ſooner ſhall the *Gallick Liger* join
His blended Waters with the *German Rhine*,
E'er from my Memory your Love depart,
So ſafely treaſur'd in my conſtant Heart:
Yet think not *Hymen*, when my Faith I gave,
Reſign'd me to your Yoke, a *Woman's Slave*.
Had I the Power my Deſtiny to chuſe,
I ſtill had 'ſcap'd the *Matrimonial Nooſe*:
Still had I revell'd, like a free-born Soul,
In lawleſs Pleaſures, and without Controul.
Away! no more your empty Title plead;
What's Love compar'd with ſuch a noble Deed?

How

How will it ſound, when future Poets write,
That I, by Favour of the ſilent Night,
The *Desk* erected in the Church's Right!
Curb then your fond Deſires; nor ſeek to ſhock
My ſolid Honour, ſtable as a Rock.
Ah! do not *Barberiſſa*'s Vertue ſtain,
Nor thoſe fair Eyes bedew with brackiſh Rain;
Nor with ungenerous Sighs protract my Stay,
† *For Heav'n has call'd me, and I muſt obey.*

This ſaid; He leaves her full of anxious Fears,
Her Cheeks all delug'd with a Flood of Tears.
Streight the *Vermillion* vaniſh'd from her Face,
And the wan *Lily* took the *Roſe*'s Place.
Thrice to recall the Salvage Man ſh' aſſay'd;
But her rebellious Tongue thrice diſobey'd.

Then

† *Et nunc Jove miſſus ab alto*
Interpres Divum fert horrida juſſa per auras.

Then to the lofty Room, which fac'd the Skies,
By Men the GARRET call'd, the weeping Lady flies.
Alicia heard ; ſtreight after her ſhe went,
Nimbly ſurmounting the Stairs high Aſcent ;
To ſhew her Duty by her ſpeedy Care,
And leſſen Sorrow, while ſhe takes a Share.

Now had approaching Night the Town o'er-
ſpread,
And ſcatter'd thro' the Streets a dusky Shade.
The Bell rings Supper; th' hungry Chaplains all,
Bleſſing the Sound, and pliant to the Call,
Flock from the *empty Choir* to the more *welcome*
Hall.
The Taverns thicken ; the wet *Chanter* ſings ;
And every Room with Noiſe and Nonſence rings.

Forth

Forth the brave *Brontin* march'd, whoſe watch-
ful Eyes
Sleep thrice in vain attempted to ſurprize:
Whom the third Bottle Fortify'd within,
Provided by the cautious *Gilotin*,
Who knew that Wine made heavy Burdens light,
And puſh'd the unarm'd Hero to the Fight.

The Sexton follow'd, *Boirude* was his Name;
The Third in this immortal Deed of Fame:
Both ſally out, kindled with Honour's Charms,
To fire the Slow *Lamour* with Love of Arms.
Let us depart, they cry'd, the Day declines,
And to ſucceeding Night his Sway reſigns.
Why thus dejected? Whence this black *Chagrin*
Which hovers o'er your Eyes and ſwells your
Spleen?

Then

Art thou the Man, who blam'd the tedious Day,
And curs'd the lagging Sun's unkind Delay?
Rise, follow us; great Deeds great Souls inflame.
At this the *Barber* blush'd with gen'rous Shame.

Then to his well-fill'd Magazine he flies,
Where many an Iron Weapon sacred lies,
Till call'd to Light on some brave Enterprize.
Some fashion'd by the skill'd *Cornavian*'s Care,
At *Birmingham*, the Shop of *Mulciber*:
Not like those Arms of the *dead-doing* Kind;
These *fasten* things which were before *disjoin'd*:
Like an inverted *Cone*, of Metal strong,
Sharp Pointed, and *quadrangularly* long;
In Vulgar Speech call'd NAILS; of these the best
He chose; a Hatchet his broad Shoulders prest:
A well-tooth'd Saw his brawny Body bends,
Which, like a Quiver, down his back descends:

Incourag'd thus, *Brontin* a Mallet ſhook,
And *Boirude* a Nail-driving Hammer took.
Lamour's Heroic Steps they tread, and feel
An unknown Warmth, a more than Human Zeal.
Happy the Wretched who implore the Aid
Of ſuch a Leader, ſuch a firm Brigade!
The *Moon*, who ſpy'd their haughty March from far,
Withdraws her Peaceful Light, and aids the War.
Diſcord purſu'd them, with a favou'ring Eye,
She grin'd a Smile, and with her hideous Cry
Drove back the trembling Clouds, and pierc'd the vaulted Sky.
From thence the *Sound* deſcended to th' Abode
Of the * *Citoſe*, and wak'd *Sloth*'s drowſy God.

There

* *Ciſtertians.* A Fraternity in the Romiſh Church.

There in a Cell he keeps his ſilent Court;
Around him, luke-warm lazy *Genij* ſport:
Here *One* retires to knead the fat'ning Paſte
Which plumps the *Canon's* Cheeks, and ſwells his
brawny Waſte.
Another the Vermillion grinds, to paint
The jolly Looks of mortifying Saint:
There Pleaſure an obſervant Centry ſtands,
Regardful of the *Deity*'s Commands;
While *Morpheus* pours continual Poppy Rain;
(Tho' now redoubled Show'rs deſcend in vain.)
Sloth at the Noiſe awakes. All-covering *Night*
Relates the Story, and improves the Fright;
Tells how the *Prelate* with Ambition fir'd
T' Heroick Fame by new Deſigns aſpir'd.
Near to a Venerable Houſe of Prayer,
She ſaw Three Champions, who delight in War:

Proudly they march'd beneath her thick Diſguiſe,
Safe in their Strength, ſecure from Human Eyes:
While *Diſcord*'s fiery Brands their Souls inflame,
Who threatens here to Aggrandize her Name.
Lo! with to Morrow's Light a *Desk* appears,
The Joy of Factious, reſtive Mutineers.
A Thouſand Dangers on the Tumult wait!
A Thouſand Feuds foment the curſt Debate!
So Heav'n has written in the Book of Fate.

She ſpoke: *Sloth*, riſing from his ſilky Bed,
And leaning on one Arm his lumpy Head;
While from his languid Eyes a Deluge ran,
This broken Speech with feeble Voice began.
O *Night*, thou ſtab'ſt me with this killing News?
What new-born Plagues does *active Hell* produce?
Still do the *Furies* throw their Fiery Darts?
Still breathe Fatigue and War in Human Hearts?

Ah!

Ah! whither fled thoſe happy Times of Peace,
When idle Kings, diſſolv'd in thoughtleſs Eaſe,
Reſign'd their Scepters, and the Toils of State
To *Counts*, or ſome inferior *Magiſtrate*:
Loll'd on their Thrones, devoid of Thought or Pain;
And, nodding, ſlumber'd out a lazy Reign?
No anxious Cares did nigh the *Palace* creep;
But Day and Night was one continu'd Sleep,
Except the *Vernal* Month, when *Flora* gilds
The chearful Valleys, and the ſmiling Hills,
When the loud *North* his Airy Rule reſigns
To gentle *Zephyrs*, and more peaceful Winds,
Four *Oxen* drew with *ſlow* and *ſilent* Feet
Th' unactive Monarch to ſome Country Seat.

But 'tis no more: That Golden Age is gone;
And an unweary'd *Princeſs* fills *Britannia*'s Throne.
Each Day ſhe frights me with the Noiſe of Arms,
Slights my Embraces, and defies my Charms.
In vain does Nature, Seas and Rocks oppoſe,
To bar her Virtue; which undaunted goes
Thro' *Libyan* Burnings, and o'er *Scythian* Snows.
Her *Name* alone my trembling Subjects dread,
Not her own *Cannon* can more Terrour ſpread.
To tell the Wrongs and Cruelties I bear,
Would exerciſe the Labour of a Year.
I thought the *Church* would ſhelter an Exile,
Driv'n from a *Court*, inur'd to Cares and Toil.
Vain was my Thought: For now each *ſad Recluſe*,
Monks, Abbots, Priors, wretched Me abuſe.

* *LaTrape*'s grown Famous by my ſhameful Flight,
Nor can * St. *Denys* bear my odious Sight.
The *Jeſuits* ever have my Pow'r defy'd;
Few but the dull *Citoſe* my Rule obey'd.
The † *Holy Chappel*, with its Founder, ſlept,
And from old Time its Lethargy had kept.
Lo! now a *Desk*, a fatal Foe to Peace,
Strives to diſlodge me from my ancient Eaſe.
And wilt Thou, *Night*, lend thy officious Aid
To cover Crimes, far blacker than thy Shade?
Wilt Thou, dear Partner of my lov'd Repoſe,
Abet my Ruin, and protect my Foes?
If e'er to *Thee* alone I did reveal
The Joys of Love, which I from *Day* conceal;
Ah! ſuffer not at leaſt——Here *Sloth* oppreſt
With length of Words, and want of grateful Reſt,
Sunk down: His Strength forſook the ſtupid *God*,
And to Repoſe reſign'd the lifeleſs Load.

* *Religious Houſes in and near* Paris.
† *The Scene of Action where this Diſſention happpen'd.*

THE

THE LUTRIN.

CANTO III.

LD *Night*, Triumphant on a ſooty Cloud,
Parent of Fears, and Nurſe of Sorrow, rode:
Burgundia's vinous Fields ſhe hovers round,
And ſheds her dreery Vapours o'er the Ground:
Then tow'rds the fair *Lutetian* Turrets flies,
Diſtilling *Opiats* from her humid Eyes.

At

At length * *Montlerry*'s lofty Tow'rs ſhe ſhrouds,
Fond of thoſe venerable Old Abodes;
The Summit of whoſe Walls ſtupendious Height,
Steals by Degrees from the deluded Sight;
While the ſtrain'd Eye-balls pierce the Clouds in vain,
And ſtretch their fiery Beams the vaſt Aſcent to gain:
The weary'd Pilgrim *flies* the tedious View,
The *Objects* follow, and his Flight *purſue.*
Here *Crows* and *Vultures* keep their ruin'd Court;
Here *Ravens* and *Funebrous Birds* reſort;
The croaking *Toad* and *Bat* in om'nous Squawls
Improve the Horror of theſe deſert Walls;
Here thirty Winters aged *Howlet* lay,
And claim'd a Refuge from the hated Day;
Fruitful of evil Fate the Schrieker cries,
And by *foretelling* Miſchiefs *magnifies*:

In

* *An old Caſtle near* Paris, *ſituated on a Hill.*

In this wild Place retir'd to Meditate,
Expecting Night, the *ſober Creature* ſate:
The Goddeſs came; *Howlet* exalts his Voice,
Sadning the tuneful Neighbours with his Joys:
Complaining *Progne* trembles with new Pains,
And *Philomela*'s Fears o'ercome her Strains:
Follow me, *Son*, ſaid *Night*. The *Feather'd Fate*,
Rous'd at her Voice, forſook his drowſy Seat;
With heavy Wings they preſs the thickning Air,
And darkling their dull Shades to *Paris* bear;
Here both arreſting their auſpicious Flight
On the fam'd *Chapel*'s deſtin'd Bellfry Light:
The Goddeſs bending from the lofty Arch,
Obſerves the Warriors, and regards their March.
The ſmirking *Barber* brandiſhes on high
A Bumper, which re-ſmiles with mutual Joy:

Each

Each deluging in genial Juice his Soul,
To *Gilotin* and *Bacchus* fill the Bowl.

Shall they then Triumph thus, the Goddeſs ſaid,
And find an eaſy Conqueſt in my Shade?
Soon theſe inſulting Miſcreants ſhall know,
What to my ſacred Dignity they owe:

Then gravely nodding to her darling Pride,
Her tardy Wings the foggy Air divide:
Howlet with equal Pinions takes his Flight,
And follows thro' thick Shades his Mother Night.
Both to the fatal *Sacriſty* repair,
Where lay the dreadful Buſineſs of the War:
The ſullen Deity now makes a Stand,
Beholds the *Desk*, and gives this ſtern Command:

Reſt

Reſt here, Prophetic Son, in the dark Womb
Of this old Desk till rip'ning Time ſhall come.

The *Owl* aſſum'd his delegated Place,
And ſat expecting with a ſage Grimace.

The Champions warm'd with Native Heat and Wine,
Unanimous purſue the great Deſign.
The ſacred *Chapel*'s Marble Steps aſcend,
While *Bacchus* does his friendly Influence lend.
The proud *Piazza's* paſs'd, the Heroes now
Behind 'em ſee the Shop of fam'd *Rebow*;
There undiſturb'd volum'nous *H*—— ſleeps,
Him under Twenty faithful Locks he keeps;
Secure from Chandlers, and devouring Fire,
The learned Lumber there remains intire.

When

When *Boirude*, as the Danger nearer grew,
A Tinder-box from his wide Pocket drew;
The veiny *Flint* and hardy *Steel* ingage,
Breathing in Particles of Fire their Rage:
Colliding Blows the *Atoms* disunite,
And kindle living Seeds of *Infant Light*:
The new-born Sparks a bluish Flame beget,
Which from sulphureous Fumes ejaculate;
The waxen Taper glows with borrow'd Fires,
And in a lasting bolder Flame aspires.
The *Heroes* with this trembling Star their Guide,
(This trembling Star the absent Sun supply'd)
Approach the Temple; *Boirude* opes the Gate,
And manfully conducts the Van in State:
As thro' the spacious Solitude they steer,
With Talk they dissipate invading Fear.

The

The *Vestry* now is seen; each pallid Face
Owns the tenebrous Horror of the Place.
There lies the *Desk*, dread Work of wayward Fate;
A while they stand its Form to contemplate:
'Till rousing 'em, aloud the *Barber* cries,
This Spectacle is not t'amuse our Eyes:
We are not here conven'd, my Friends, to stare;
Time will not stay; the Moments precious are:
Into the middle Isle convey the *Mass*,
And fix it on the haughty *Chanter*'s Place.
To morrow a plump *Prelate*'s gloating Eyes
Shall view the Triumph with uncommon Joys.

Then with an Arm tremendous bravely strove
From its old Post the dusty Lump to move.
When *Oh Distraction!* a dread Voice aloud,
Was heard to Issue from the hollow Wood;

Brontin grew ſtiff with freezing Ague-Fear,
The *Sexton's* Colour fled, uproſe his Hair,
Lamour bemoan'd (to daſtard Fear betray'd)
The Want of *Barberiſſa* and his Bed;
Yet ſtrait his Courage recollects, and now
Reſolves, what e'er Fate means, to ſtand the Blow;
When from his Powdry Rooſt the *Bird* of *Night*
With Fate-denouncing Outcries takes his Flight;
Like *Statues*, Petrefy'd with chilly Fear,
Unable to reſiſt, they ſhake, they ſtare.
Howlet th' *Illuminated Wax* deſcry'd,
And ſoon extinguiſh'd with his Wings their *Guide.*
Now Diſarray'd, Confounded, they retreat,
Confeſſing by ſwift Flight a baſe Defeat:
Their *Nerves* relax, their trembling Knees in vain
Their Bloodleſs Bodies labour to ſuſtain;

The

Their Hair Erect, and Grey with ſudden Fright
The flying Squadron pierce the Shades of Night.

So meet a heedleſs Troop of wanton Boys
In ſome cloſe Corner, with *unpuniſh'd* Noiſe;
Th' indocile Libertines ſecurely play,
In idle Paſtime truanting the Day;
Far from their Studious Maſters prying Sight,
They give a Looſe to Joy, and Revel in Delight.
But if ſtern *Argus* by Surpriſe appears,
They quit their *Pleaſures* and reſume their *Fears*;
Dreading the future Birch and threatning Eye,
In Cluſters from th' *unfiniſh'd* Game they fly.
Diſcord inrag'd beheld the routed Crowd,
And roar'd, like Thunder from a broken Cloud;
Then, to revive their Hearts congeal'd with Fear,
And rally their baſe Souls to *Second* War,

She borrow'd ſurly *Sydrac*'s Aged Look,
Wrinkl'd her Brow, and his long Viſage took.
Earthward ſhe bent, and to the Sight appears
Depreſs'd beneath the Weight of Fourſcore Years.
Her Limbs did on a knotted Staff rely,
And ſeem'd to move on Springs of *Chicanry*:
A winking Taper in her Hand ſhe takes,
And growling Thus the timid Band beſpeaks.

Stop, Miſcreant Wretches, whither wou'd you fly?
Here neither Bloodſhed is, nor Enemy.
What! Will you then for a vile *Bird* alone
Your Honour loſe, and Enterprize diſown?
Dare you not ſtand the impotent Grimace
Of *one* poor Owl? What wou'd you do, alas!
If every day like me you ſaw the *Bar*,
And wag'd with hideous Looks eternal War?

Friend-

Friendleſs ſolicit hard a Hearing *now*,
Then ſtand a Haughty Judge's rigid Brow;
Ear-beat, without his Fee, a Lawyer dead;
In *Forma Pauperis* inceſſant plead.
Believe me, Sons, Experience is my Guide,
My ſelf a *Chapter* ſue'd, the *Law* defy'd.
Nor can the *Bar* ſhew that tremendous Look,
But I a hundred Times have ſtood its Shock:
Dauntleſs their forward Way my Body barr'd,
I'th' *Church*'s Name demanding to be heard.
The *Church* was fruitful then in great *Divines*,
Souls forg'd by Nature for immenſe Deſigns.
Then *Pennyleſs* and *Friendleſs* we could go,
Farther than now for *Love* and *Money* too.
In thoſe Triumphant Days, The vileſt Head
A *Prelate* and a *Chanter* durſt implead.
The *World* grows old, *Time* runs a jaded Race,
And worn-out *Nature* teems with her Diſgrace.

If yet you cannot *Reach* your Fathers State,
At leaſt their ſhining Vertues *Emulate.*
Think what Diſhonour your bright Names will foul,
When Men ſhall tell the *Fable* of the *Owl.*
Think how the *Chanter* with indignant Pride
Will mock your Valour, and Attempt deride:
Howlet will be the Word, a ſtanding Jeſt,
The Flout of Boys, and Mirth of every Feaſt.

Yes, I perceive your Souls no longer bear
Theſe ſtinging Thoughts; for *Action* then prepare:
Remember, Sirs, what *Prelate* 'tis you ſerve,
And ſnatch the verdant Laurels you deſerve;
Your Eyes re-ſparkle with their wonted Fires,
And each Heroick Breaſt the War requires.

On

On then; Run; Fly; immortal Honour calls,
And *Consecrates* the Man who bravely falls.
So shall the *Prelate* see with wondring Joy,
Your *Vengeance* swift as your *Affront* can fly.

This said; the Warring Goddess takes her Flight,
Plung'd in a sudden Stream of blazing Light;
Restoring to each Breast their Martial Heat,
Fills with *Herself* the bold *Triumvirate*.

So when the rescu'd *Danube*, *Rhine* and *Scheld*
Immortal CHURCHILL, Thee in Arms beheld;
The Face of War soon took a brighter Turn;
And fainting Squadrons with *new* Vigour burn:
Thy Courage, like the *Universal* Soul,
Darts thro' the Troops and Animates the *Whole*.
Victoria yielding to thy Stronger Charms,
Caress'd thy Standard and Embrac'd thy Arms.

Asham'd and *Angry* at their late Defeat,
They light their Taper and their Task repeat:
The *Noisy Enemy* flies off unhurt,
And what was late their *Terror* is their *Sport.*
And now the *Desk* the *Chanter*'s Pew ascends,
A Shout the *Chapel*'s lofty Arches rends:
The wormy Boards, by Times corroding Spight
Disjoin'd, the lusty Mallet's Blows unite:
With their Continu'd Strokes the *Pews* resound;
The *Vaults* rebellow'd, and the *Organ* groan'd.

Ah *Chanter*, buried in profound Repose,
Little thy Heart the brooding Mischief knows;
But undisturb'd by Grief or anxious Fear,
Dreams not what angry Fate is doing here!
If in a *Vision* yet some Pow'r Divine
Shou'd to thy Sense reveal the dread Design,

E'er

E'er thou wou'dſt ſuffer that ill-ſhapen *Maſs*,
Aſpiring ſo, to Lord it in thy Place;
Bold as a dying *Martyr* woudſt thou come,
And glorioufly Diſpute thy hapleſs Doom:
Thy naked Body to the Nails expoſe,
And tender Head to the hard Hammer's Blows:
To Mummy bruis'd thou on the Spot wouldſt die,
And worthleſs Life refuſe with Infamy.
But while the *Desk* to thy Diſgrace does riſe,
In ſilken Chains *Thee* gentle Slumber ties.

Now two concluding Strokes the *Work* compleat,
And the *Hinge* turns on thy unhappy *Seat*.

THE LUTRIN.

CANTO IV.

THE *Sextons* to their early Task repair,
And call the Yawning *Priests* to *Matin* Pray'r;
The Bells with silver Sounds the Region shake,
Their Turrets rock, and lazy *Chanters* wake;
Half rais'd at the sad Din, Each drowsy Head
Sinks down oppreſt by its own *Native Lead.*

Their

Their *Chief* alone with fanſy'd Terror ſtruck,
And ſcar'd by viſionary Forms awoke;
At the redoubled Clangor of his Cries
Each Servant quits his Down, and trembling flies.
Firſt Faithful *Girot*, with undaunted Speed,
Appear'd before the Sweating *Chanter*'s Bed:
Girot his ſhaking Maſter's Senſe Reſtor'd;
The *worthieſt Servant* of ſo *good a Lord*!
Who, pleas'd *Domeſtic* Merit to prefer,
The *Choire*'s proud Gate committed to his Care;
Abroad, a ſtiff-neck'd haughty *Virger*, He;
At Home, a ſupple *Slave* in *Livery*.

My Lord, ſaid he, what Trouble heaves your Breaſt?
What Melancholy breaks your grateful Reſt?

Wou'd

Wou'd you *unpresidented* madly run
To *Chapel*, and prevent the rising Sun?
Consider, Sir; to vulgar *Chanters* Leave
The Pride of *Meriting* what they receive.
Your Genius then indulge without Reserve,
Let Wretches born for Labour toil and starve.

Friend, said the *Chanter*, still with Horrour pale,
What can these vain Reflections now avail?
Here thy Companionable Passion join,
And mix thy amicable Sighs with mine;
Thy honest Heart will tremble when it hears
The Subject of thy dying Master's Fears:
Twice gracious *Morpheus* had my Temples bound,
And in forgetful *Nightshade* Reason drown'd:
Intoxicating Fumes had *Fancy* warm'd,
And every *Sense* to sweet *Repose* was charm'd,

When

When as I thought i'th' *Choire* with glorious Grace
I *Bleſs'd* the Crowd and fill'd my wonted Place,
Swallow'd the Incenſe, and *unrivall'd* bore
The firſt Degree in Office and in Pow'r;
A Gloomy Smoke long rowling from afar
Seem'd from the darken'd *Veſtry* to appear;
Forward it ſhot, and kindling as it came,
The dreadful Cloud burſt in a bluiſh Flame;
And Oh! Dire Object! to my Sight diſplay'd
A Dragon, by th' aſſiſting *Prelate* led;
His Head *Triangular*; the frightful *Maſs*
A very *Reading-Desk* appear'd, or Was.
When, animated by his Guide, the Beaſt
Darting at me, uprais'd his Monſtrous Creſt.
In vain I trembling fled, cry'd out in vain,
Till kindly *Sleep* relax'd his gentle Chain.
I can no more—— Poſſeſs'd with *Panic* Dread;
In my pale Eyes the Sequel may be read.

Ah

Ah, Sir, ſaid *Girot* ſmiling, Noblemen,
Wits, Critics, Ladies, Poets nurſe the Spleen;
'Tis a Gentile *Diſeaſe* and ever bred
By *Duns*, or *Affectation*, or a *Bed*.
Without Delay on fam'd * *Cephalic* call,
The *Camiſar* ſhall cure you with his *Sal*.

The *Maſter* of the *Choire*, averſe to Jeſt
(With chiding Eyes his ill-tim'd Wit ſuppreſt)
Leap'd furious from his Bed, and haſten'd to be
dreſt.
All his rich Veſts and ſumptuous Robes puts on,
His *Mohair* Caſſock and his *Tabby* Gown,
His *Violet* Gloves; that very *Rochet* wore
Which once the jealous *Prelate*'s Fingers tore:
An *Ebon* Stick he held, and on his Head,
Snowy with Winter Age, a *Sattin Bonnet* laid;
Quick-

* *A Doctor in* Paris *famous for* Sal Volatile *and* Enthuſiaſm.

Quickning his Pace with fierce impulsive Ire
He runs, he flies, and reaches *first* the Choire.

* Oh Thou who guided by the *Delphic God*
Sung, On the Margin of a drowsy Flood,
Obstinate Chiefs inur'd to deadly Wars;
'Twixt Hostile *Frogs* and *Mice* immortal Jars.
† Oh Thou whose *Muse*'s bold Fantastick Flight
Did the *Bolonian Bucket's Rape* indite;
Vile Cause of War! All *Latium* to ingage
In Bloody Arms, The *Helen* of their Rage!
And ‖ Thou who painted in a Deathless Strain
The *Licens'd Homicides of Warwick Lane!*
(*Phœbus* to Thee his *Double* Blessing gives;
Thy *Musick* charms us, and thy *Art* relieves,)
Give *Energy* to my Enervate Tongue,
While the fir'd *Chanter*'s flagrant Rage is sung:

* Homer's Batrachomyomachia.

† Alessandro Tassoni *Author of* La Secchia rapita. *An Italian Poem.*
‖ *Dr.* Garth.

What

What Pencil can his Indignation draw,
When on his Seat th' aſpiring *Desk* he ſaw!
Mute, Motionleſs and Pale a while he ſtood,
Horror, Surprize and Grief benumb'd his Blood;
But his impriſon'd Words at Length reſound,
And breaking thro' his Sobs a Paſſage found.

See *Girot*! See the *Hydra* that oppreſt
My troubl'd Soul, and broke my pleaſing Reſt!
Behold the *Dragon*! There he rears his Head,
And buries *Me* in an Eternal Shade!
Prelate, what have I done? What helliſh Rage
Makes thee Ingenious to torment my Age?
What! Can thy *waking* Malice know no *Reſt*,
Nor *Sleep*, nor *Night* lull thy tempeſtuous Breaſt?
Oh Fate! muſt this opprobrious *Desk* appear,
And cloud me in my proper *Hemiſphere?*

Into a *Dungeon* thus convert my *Pew*,
Eclipse my Glories from the *Public* View!
Unseen, Unknown to all *but God*, my Face
Must there be hid *incog*' in my own Place!
What! Must I sit *Inglorious'ly Obscur'd*! ——
It is too much; It cannot be endur'd.
No, let us first the sacred *Altar* fly,
Abandon *Heav'n*, Renounce the *Ministry*;
Yes, let us cease our inharmonious *Pray'rs*,
No longer offer Music to the *Spheres*,
Nor deafen, with rude Sounds, *Immortal* Ears:
Let us from this ungrateful *Church* retire,
Nor *see*, where we're *not seen*, a thankless *Choire*;
But then my *Rival* Triumphs on his Seat,
And smiles insultingly at my Defeat,
While on my Pew this *Desk* will *still* be born,
And riding on its creaking Hinges turn,

To

Forbid it *Heav'n*, Or give me Inſtant Death,
And Stifle foul *Diſhonour* with my *Breath!*
Yes, faithful *Girot*, let us bravely Die,
If we're too weak to move this *Infamy*;
But this Right Hand ſhall tear the *Tyrant* down;
'Tis lawful an *Uſurper* to Dethrone:
Yes, e're we die, if noble Death muſt come,
The Rival *Desk* ſhall, falling, ſhare Our Doom.

Strengthen'd with Rage, at theſe Determin'd Words
The Furious *Chanter* feiz'd the trembling Boards;
When, guided thither by Auſpicious Chance,
Roger and *John*, two well known Chiefs, Advance;
Renowned *Normans* both, Equally Skill'd
I'th' Law, with Knowledge and Experience fill'd;
They hear his Anger's Source, his *Cauſe* they *Own*;
Yet Counſel, Nothing *raſhly* ſhou'd be done:

Yes, they Agree The *Monſter* muſt not ſtand,
Nor muſt it fall by any *Private* Hand:
But let th' *Aſſembled Chapter* View the Sight,
And in full *Synod* do the *Chanter* Right.

This Sage Advice repriev'd the threatn'd *Maſs*,
And Smooth'd the ruffl'd *Sire's* diſtorted Face:
Then be it ſo, ſaid he, Let them appear,
Summon, *without Delay*, the *Chapter* Here;
Fly, and with *holy* Yell the *Dotards* Wake;
So ſhall they of our *Early* Grief partake.

At this Diſcourſe Surpriz'd and Froze they Stand,
Regardleſs of their *Soveraign*'s raſh Command.

Fooliſh and bold, Says *Roger*, To enjoyn
A Morning's work I fear we muſt decline!
Betimes we ought to *Quit* this Party Fray,
Where 'tis Impoſſible we ſhou'd *Obey*;

Tho'

Tho' from the diſtant Street the piercing Sound
Shou'd wake the Snoring *Footmen*, ſtretch'd around,
And penetrate without the leaſt Regard
That ſacred *Calm*, where Noiſe is never heard,
Can you Conceive, my Lord, when peaceful Shades
Have bound 'em faſt to their Inchanting Beds,
We ſhou'd the Sluggard's Iron-ſlumbers break,
Whom Six Bells thirty Years cou'd never Wake?
Can two weak *Chanters* Voices e'er perform
What is a Work for *Thunder* or a *Storm*?

The Warm Old Man Replies, I ſee what Ends
You Wiſh, and whither this Oration tends.
I ſee, your Daſtard Souls the *Prelate* dread;
Yes, of the haughty *Prelate* You're afraid;
Ye Servile Wretches; I have ſeen you ſtand
Bending your Necks beneath his *Bleſſing* Hand.

Go Still be Slaves, ſtill Fawn, and Lick, and Bow;
I will the *Canons* raiſe without ye Now.
Approach then, Honeſt *Girot*, thou true Friend!
Whom neither *Bribes* can Shake, nor *Prelates* Bend:
Do thou the *Maundy Thurſday's* * *Rattle* Take;
Soon ſhall this Engine make 'em *Hear* and *Shake*;
The *Sun* a Sight intirely new ſhall ſee,
The Droneing *Chapter* Up as ſoon as *He*.

This heartning Speech made Truſty *Girot* fly,
And rake the duſt of *Holy Armory*.
Now the *Lugubrous* Inſtrument Reſounds,
And every Ear with hideous Clangor Wounds.
Infernal *Diſcord*, pleas'd, Prepares to head
Her Willing Champions, and afford them Aid;
Then from the † Clam'rous *Hall*, t' improve the Fright,
She Calls the *God* of *Noiſe* thro' Shades of Night:
And

* La Creſſelle, *in French*; *an Inſtrument us'd on* Maundy Thurſday *inſtead of Bells.* † *Parallel to our* Weſtminſter Hall. *The Reader will pleaſe to apply it ſo as oft as he meets with it.*

And now Sweet Sleep forſakes each wondring Eye;
The *Street*, aſtoniſh'd, riſes at the *Cry*:
At length the *Ca nons* their ſtrong Fetters break,
Unſeal their Lids, and in Confuſion Wake:
Monſtrous and wild *Ideas* Each Conceives,
And what his *Fancy* breeds, his *Fear* believes:
One Thinks loud *Thunder* Splits the Sacred *Choire*;
The *Chapel* burning with a * *Second* Fire:
Others more *Sad* and *Phlegmatick* than He
Gueſs't it the *Toning* of the † *Tenebræ*:
A *Third*, ſtill Dozing with the Fumes of Wine,
Believes it *Three*, Vows 'tis a laid Deſign,
And Grumbles that he was not Call'd to Dine.

So when Returning *Phœbus* gilds the Year,
And Chears with Genial Warmth our *Hemiſphere*;

* *Once burnt down, In* 1618. † *The Service in the Romiſh Church the Week before* Eaſter.

When *Zephyrs* blow, And Birds diſus'd to ſing
Eſſay their Notes, to welcome in the *Spring*;
Albion's bright Goddeſs, mov'd with *Europe*'s Tears,
Sends forth her *Heroes* to diſſolve their Fears;
With *Inſulary* Thunder to Prevent
The tow'ring Giants of the *Continent.*
The *L'ouvre* ſhakes, Pale *Louis* taſtes again
The terrors of a New *Ramillia* Plain.
Th' *Eſcurial* dreads *ANNA*'s recruited Might,
And *Anjou* Saddles for a *Second* Flight:
Pariſian Walls ſhall prove a weak Defence
For * *Quixot* Kings, and each † *Knight Errant* Prince.

In vain do's *Terror* urge; Supine they lie,
And wait between the Sheets their *Deſtiny.*
Girot reſolves to rouſe 'em, and prepares
A Story, Which he Knew wou'd take their Ears,
Reſtore their *Senſes*, and Expell their *Fears.*

* *Don* Philip. † *Chevalier St.* George.

I'm

I'm ſent, ſaid he, t' inform you from my Lord,
A warm *Collation* ſmoaks upon the Board;
With *Art* collected, It no Dainty wants
Which *Luxury* can wiſh, Or the rich *Seaſon* grants.

He ſpoke; All catch at once the welcome Sound,
Shake off dull Sleep, and from their Pillows bound;
Headlong they preſs, as rapid Lightning, fleet;
Yet ſwifter *Appetite* out-ſtrips their *Feet*.
Ready to break their *Necks*, to break their *Faſt*;
Each flatters, as he flies, his Eager Taſte
With entertaining Thoughts of Sweet Repaſt.
But, ah Vain Hope! Fond Man's deluſive *Bait!*
Regardful of the Cover'd *Hook* too late!
The diſappointed *Chapter* View their *Chief*,
And find they come not there to *Eat*, but *Grieve*.

The *Chanter* in the moſt *Pathetic* Words
(The beſt his interrupting Grief affords)
Reveals the ſad *Misfortune* To his Friends,
And his juſt Cauſe to *Them* and *God* Commends.

Plump *Ev'rard* only durſt propoſe to Eat;
Ev'rard's keen *Stomach* did his *Zeal* abate;
The *Canons* fill'd with other Thoughts, His *Vote*
Vaniſh'd *unſeconded* and ſoon forgot.
When *Allen* roſe; Collected and Prepar'd,
He regularly *Hem'd*, then Strok'd his Beard,
And Claim'd, as *Prolocutor*, to be Heard.
The Learned *Seer* Attention might demand;
The Only Scholar in this Reverend Band!
The Learned *Seer* had Copious *Baxter* read,
And with Old *Bunyan* cram'd his Muddy Head.
Thus Oft, Sublime, Contiguous to the Skies,
Sacred to Duſt, an Empty *Garret* lies;

'Till

'Till hir'd by ſome vile *Quack*, The *Furniture*
Do's All the happy *lightſome* Space Obſcure;
And What th' Unlucky Owner meant to *Grace*,
Converted to an *Indigeſted Maſs*.

Yes, Great *a-Kempis* he cou'd Conſtrue too,
And all his *knotty* Paſſages Undo.

Whence cou'd this Stroke, ſaid He, but from the Womb,
Some Younger Sprig of Old *Socinus*, Come?
It muſt be ſo; We're in the *Prelate*'s *Snare*;
Theſe Eyes Saw *Deiſt T*—— viſit there;
Satan Endeavours, by that ſubtle Fiend,
The *Prelate* to his Purpoſes to Bend.
Sirs, he moſt certainly has ſomewhere heard
That this Litigious *Desk* St. *Louis* rear'd;
Thus, grown *Polemical*, He'll proudly think
To Drown us All with *Deluges* of *Ink*;

Vaſt

Vaſt Subſidies of *Paper-Force* he'll raiſe,
And make his Partizans find *Means and Ways.*
Now 'tis Our Duty timely to prepare,
And ſtand a reſolute *Defenſive* War;
Conſult *Antiquity*, The *Scholiaſts* ſcan,
Let every *Text* be bolted to the Bran;
Conſider; Do's *Aquinas* nothing ſay
Of *Desks* ? None of the *Fathers* lean that Way?
I find this *Argument* will ask much *Oil*,
Cloſe *Reading*, Indefatigable *Toil.*
Then when *Aurora* kindles up the Day,
And lights her Lamp, extinguiſh'd in the Sea;
Let every Man *by Lots* his Portion take,
And what our learned *Doctors* dictate, Speak.

Struck with this unexpected Speech, they Stare,
And each pale Face betray'd Uncommon Care;

Squab

Squab *Everard* with moſt Concern appear'd,
He Shov'd, and Preſt, and Swore he *wou'd* be Heard.

If at my Years, ſaid he, I turn One Page,
Or hurt with *Books* Theſe Eyes too weak with *Age*,
May I, like *Thee*, on Muſty Paper feed,
Turn *Bookworm*, and be Bury'd 'ere I'm Dead;
Let us, who know the Uſe of Living, live;
Thy Meagre *Body* do's thy *Soul* Survive:
Go, Macerate what Fleſh remains with Books,
We are not fond of ſuch mean haggard Looks;
What *Others* do ſhall ne'er diſturb *My* Head;
I neither *Alcoran*, nor *Bible* read.
I know right well the price of *College* Hay,
Or what Our *Farmers* every Quarter Pay,
On which good Vineyard there's a *Mortgage* made,
And what and how the *Int'reſt* muſt be paid;

Twenty

Twenty Large *Hogsheads* fill'd by my Command,
Rang'd *Orthodoxly* in my *Cellar* ſtand :
Theſe are my *Authors*, *There* my *Study*'s plac'd ;
By *Them* Inform'd, Subſtantial *Bliſs* I Taſte ;
And ſince All *Knowledge* in *Opinion* lies,
Can, when I pleaſe, from *thence* be *Warm* and *Wiſe.*

As for this *Desk* ; D'ye Think your *Books* will Charm
The *Monſter* down ? Believe me, this *Right Arm*
More expeditiouſly your Work ſhall Do ;
The *Gorgon* without *Latin* Overthrow.
What ever does offend me I'll Remove,
Tho' *All* the *Fathers* ſhou'd the *Desk* approve :
Let us to Breakfaſt, and our Sorrows drown ;
So Fortify'd We'll Knock the *Monſter* down.

This

This Speech; Supported by his *Jolly* plight,
(Plump as if Fed *at Both Ends*, *Day* and *Night*,)
Revives their *Courage* and their *Appetite*.

The *Chanter*, now recover'd from his Fear,
Rallies his Senſes, and Declares for *War*;
Too long *(He cry'd)* has that foul *Cerb'rus* Head
Obſcur'd us with his * *treble-creſted* Shade.
Let's inſtantly our ſully'd *Fame* Reſtore,
And ſhow at once our *Courage* and our *Pow'r*:
Yes, let us for this Work *ſome Minutes* Faſt;
This Done; *Meſſieurs*, We'll make a *long* Repaſt;
A Breakfaſt which the *Morn* to *Noon* ſhall join,
And *Then* but to a nobler Feaſt Reſign.

Up roſe the *Chief*. The faithful *Cohort* Charm'd
With theſe *attracting* Words, his *Zeal* Confirm'd.
Then to the *Choir* with fearleſs Steps they go,
And there Behold the bold uſurping Foe:

* *The* Desk *was of a triangular form.*

At

At this, *To Arms* tumultuouſly they Cry,
And pour upon the *Common Enemy*;
The *Axis* now defends it ſelf in vain;
What Force cou'd ſuch *Confed'rate Pow'rs* ſuſtain!
Each honours with a Blow his gallant Hand;
The *Desk* as bravely ſtrove their Rage to ſtand:
Firmly a while the *Hydra* kept his Ground,
Till ſome dire *Hero* gave a fatal Wound;
Deep was the Cut, he ſtagger'd with the Blow,
And bow'd beneath his unexpected Foe.
At Length for Want of his great *Maſter's* Aid,
The tott'ring *Lump* with Odds is *Overlaid.*

So batter'd by the North, A *Ruſſian Oak*
Succumbs, Unequal to the violent Shock:

Or

Or So, Abandon'd by its *Girding* Wood,
Sinks an old *Roof*, which had for Ages ſtood.

The Captive *Boards* in Triumph are convey'd,
And in the Victor *Chanter*'s Manſion laid.

THE

THE LUTRIN.

CANTO V.

NOW had the *Morn* unbarr'd the Gates of Light,
And saw the *Canons* up, *Surprizing Sight!*
Aurora blush'd to see her self out-shone
By *Florid Looks* more ruddy than her *Own.*

Brontin to *Sydrac* ſpeedily repairs,
And the Misfortune of the *Desk* declares;
Old *Sydrac* wept for Joy at his ſucceſsful Cares.
In ſilent Raptures Building as he ſtood
A Thouſand Law-ſuits on the *ruin'd Wood.*
The *Youthful Sire* grows vigorous and bold;
Age has no *Ice*, and Winter has no *Cold.*
A ſprightly warmth quickn'd his Tardy Blood,
His Veins recruiting with a briſker Flood.
Streight to the *Prelate* he betakes his Flight,
And with loud Clamour opens to the Light
The Melancholy Scene, and Crimes of Night.

The *Prelate*, grieving to be rouz'd ſo Soon,
Impetuous Leap'd from his inchanting Down.
Gladly wou'd *Gilotin* his Stay detain
With a *two-handed* Goblet of *Champaign*;

The

The *Graceful Bumper*, wont to break his Faſt,
With *ſlighted* Smiles Now lures his Maſter's taſte.
Unmoiſtn'd and *Unbleſs'd*, he Streight prepares
With Extricating Comb t' adjuſt his frizl'd Hairs.
Twice did the *Ivory* break, and twice the *Box*,
In haſty grapple with Confed'rate Locks.

So when *Alcides* Spun, Unbred to feel
A Weight ſo light, he broke the *Spinning-Wheel*.

Half-dreſs'd he Goes. When lo! before his Gate
An ardent Troop of *Church-Militia* Wait.
Reſolv'd, at their Affronted Lord's deſire,
Unanimouſly to *Deſert* the *Choire*.
But the grave *Sire*, appealing to the Laws,
Condemns a Project Uſeleſs to his Cauſe.
For Future *Fate*, Said He, we ought to look
In the *Myſterious Sibyll*'s Sacred Book.

Not far her Cave; Come on, and let's Submit
To what Expedient *She* pronounces fit.

All with One Voice the ſage Advice approve,
And tow'rds the *Bar* the *Holy Warriours* move.
Her *Den* groan'd horrible, while *Echo* round
Doubles th' affright, as She repeats the Sound.

Amidſt thoſe *Gothick Pillars*, which Support
The formidable *Hall*, and awful Court
Of *Common Pleas*; a Famous *Fabrick's* rear'd,
Ador'd by *Lawyers* and by *Clients* fear'd.
Here Fools and Knaves each *Term* in ſhoals repair,
Thin'd with the Diet of *Litigious* Air.
Beneath a Hill of *Briefs*, *Green Bags*, and *Scrolls*,
Here every Morn a *Hectic Sibyll* howls.
Vain are the Tears of *Orphans*, vain their Cries,
To that *foul Monſter*, void of Ears and Eyes,

Call'd

Call'd CHICANRY, in learned Modern ſtyle,
Bulky with Ruin, and o'ergrown with Spoil.
While the wrong'd Widow want of Juſtice mourns,
And the vex'd *Air* each empty groan returns;
Pale *Want* and *Famine*, like ſome *injur'd Ghoſt*,
Stalk o'er the Ground, and weep their Treaſures
loſt.
Infamous *Poverty*, Devouring *Care*,
And Everlaſting *Toil*, and lean *Deſpair*,
And black *Chagrin*, Compleat the Mournful Part;
The wretched Off-ſpring of her *Curſed Art*!
Caſe-Books and *Codes* the Meagre Hag Conſume,
And Dies her ſelf to dig another's Tomb:
At every Meal, the hungry *Fury* Eats
Fair *Palaces*, ſtrong *Caſtles*, *Country Seats*.
The bubbl'd *Suitors* at their Fate repine;
Gull'd with *Superfluous Reams* for *Solid Coin*.

A Hundred times has *Justice* turn'd her Scales;
So oft her guilty Influence prevails.
Inceſſantly from Trick to Trick ſhe Runs;
And ſometimes, *like an Owl*, the Day-light ſhuns.
Now, like a *Lyon* Laſhing his dull ſides,
She ſtalks with fiery Eyes, and frightful Strides:
Now like a *Serpent* thro' the *Herbage* glides.
Long has the juſteſt *Monarch* Strove in Vain,
With *Gordian* Knots this *Proteus* to reſtrain.
Her Claws, by *So——rs* clip'd, increaſe in Strength,
With Ink diſcolour'd, and o'ergrown in Length.
Ramparts and *Dykes of Law*, too feeble Foes,
Reſiſt th' Invaſion, but in vain oppoſe.
With *Creeping Guile* ſhe Saps the Eaſy Ground,
Or with *High Torrent* breaks th'Obſtructing Mound.

Syarac Salutes the *Fiend*, and bending low,
With diſtant awe reveres her wrinkled Brow.

Then

Then Tempting Gold displays: *She* with delight
Views the bright Scene, and dwells upon the
Sight.

When thus the Sire——*Contention*'s Mighty Queen!
Unquestion'd You o'er *Kings* and *Peasants* Reign.
Thro' Thee, *Force* useless is, and *Laws* are weak;
Statutes, like *Cobwebs*, You at pleasure Break.
For Thee the *Hind* Sweats at his drudging Plough;
For Thee his Flocks are fleec'd, his Meadows grow.
For Thee he Yearly reaps his *Golden Fields*;
To Thee his Rich *Autumnal* Labour Yields.
If from my Infant Years I've Thee ador'd,
And *Seas* of Ink on thy dread *Altars* pour'd,
Disdain not, *Mighty Goddess*! now to own
In his declining Years thy faithful Son.
Industrious *Fautress* of *Vexation*, Hear,
And Answer an imploring *Prelate's* Pray'r.

For on the Ruins of his Bright Renown
An envious Rival has advanc'd his own:
The *Desk* Destroying, with a forceful Band;
The *Desk*, late Re-erected by our Hand.
Exhaust thy Fatal Knowledge in this Cause,
Revolve the Books, Create Eternal Flaws,
And with *Dædalean* Wiles confound the Laws.
Be to thy Darling Sons those Arts display'd
Which *puzzle* † *Themis* in the Rules she *made!*

The *Sibyll*, wild with joy, thrice shriek'd aloud,
While her swoln Visage glow'd with pois'nous Blood.
Convulsive Agitations rack'd her Breast;
Full of the *Dæmon* which her Soul Oppress't,
Till in these Words the loud *Tornado* broke;
And eas'd her lab'ring Bosom, as She spoke.
My Friends, dismiss your Fears, You shall replace
On the proud *Chanter's* Pew that *War-creating Mass*,

† *The Goddess of Justice.*

Arms

Arms you muſt take; ſo *Fate* Ordains; To Arms!
Prepare, My Sons, for glorious loud Alarms:
May long, long Suits Enſue, and Oh! Beware
Never on any Terms your Cauſe *Refer*.
Let all *Accommodation* be Abhor'd:
Curſt be the Slave who liſtens to *Accord*:
Curſt be the Wretch that mentions but the Word.

She ſtop't, and foaming breath'd upon the Throng
The ſame Dire Spirit late her Breaſt had ſtung.
From the Wild Hag, The *Dæmons* diſengag'd,
Entred the *Herd*, and like a Tempeſt rag'd.
Headlong he drives 'em to the Deep Abyſs
Of *Law*, unmindful of the Precipice.
Demurrers, Writs, Injunctions, Outla'ry,
Errors, Eternal Bills in Chancery,
In each undaunted Champion's Front appear,
And obſtinately Threat perpetual War.

All,

All, flush'd with fansy'd Victory, return;
They quit the less'ning *Hall*, and with new fury
burn.

Mean Time, the *Canons* Far from Noise and Care,
Indulge their Senses with Delicious Fare.
The Servants under Thirty Chargers Sweat,
And the full Board groans with the Sav'ry Weight.
Each *Glutton* hunts, and garbles out Nice Bits,
And, as his Fancy dictates Dainties, Eats.
The *Pasty*'s irritating Salt excites,
And kindles up their Thirsty Appetites.
When (Oh! Uncertain State of Human Things!)
Light-footed *Fame* Unhappy Tydings brings,
Reports with trembling Lips and visage pale
The *Oracle*, and all its Dire *Detail*.

The *Chanter*, warm'd with *Muscadine* and *Rage*,
Arose, resolv'd the *Prelate* to ingage.

He

He too the *Sibyll* will consult, and Try,
What is reserv'd for *Him* in *Destiny*.
Plump *Ev'rard* the Deserted Banquet Mourns,
And still, with strong Desire of Feasting, Burns.
But the regretting *Epicure* They tear,
Born off by Numbers, to the Dreadful *Bar*.
Thro' Various Paths, *Oblique* and *Dark*, they Draw
Near to the Clam'rous Market of the Law.
At length They reach the Celebrated *Hall*,
Where Mercenary Tongues unweary'd bawl.
In Om'nous Black, like *Priests*, Each *Proctor* plys,
And serves his *Client* up for Sacrifice.
Here the shop'd *Syrens* make a Busy Show,
But get their Bread by what they Vend *Below*.
Here crafty *Bibliopole* All Authors Sells;
Wit, Learning, Arts and Sciences retails.
Mingling, without Distinction, Good and Bad;
Here *Dryden*, Next him *Ogilby* is laid.

While

While *Boyle* and *B——ly* blended, well Accord;
And *Row* and *Settle* grace one common Board.

The *Chanter* Now with formidable Noiſe,
Exalts his ſhrill Eccleſiaſtic Voice:
Urging his forward way——When Oh Dire Chance!
The *Prelate* and *his Myrmidons* advance.
Each rugged *Hero*, with encountring Eyes,
His Rival's louring Front alternately Surveys:
Sullen and Dumb Diſdainfully they Stop,
An Equal Madneſs Choaks and Swells 'em up.
So two fierce *Bulls*, who Rival-Paſſions ſhare
For ſome lov'd *Heifer*, Meditate a War.
With jealous Rage fir'd at each others Sight,
They quit the *Paſture* and prepare for *Fight*;
Bowing their Necks, Each his curl'd Forehead ſhakes,
While from their Blood-ſhot Eyes their inward Fury breaks.

Ev'ryard

Ev'rard, by *Boirude* elbow'd, found his Spleen
Began to Swell, and *Stimulate* within;
To *Biblio*'s ſhop he bent his haſty Courſe,
A *Cyrus* ſeiz'd, and with gigantic Force
Th' unweildy Volume, at the *Sexton* threw;
He politickly Judg'd it, and withdrew:
But hiſſing as it went, It *Sydrac* ſtruck
Full on the Cheſt; who Sunk beneath the Shock:
The Sire, by † *Artamene* forc'd to yield,
Fell Breathleſs, the firſt Victim of the Field:
His Friends with pain beheld his Overthrow,
And Sympathizing Felt *Themſelves* the Blow.
Now againſt *Everard* twenty Champions dart,
And all reſolve to batter down a Part:
The *Canons* their Aſſaulted Brother Spy,
And forward, to ſuſtain the Onſet, fly:

† *Artamene the Name of* Cyrus *in* Scudery's *Romance.*

Diſcord

Discord, Triumphant in the turbid Air
Gave a loud shriek, the *Signal* of the *War.*

Now Nothing's heard but Clank and Warlike
Din;
All Mingling, Enter *Biblio's* Magazine:
Poor *Ev'rard* Sinks beneath a *Booky* Show'r;
Twelves, *Quartos*, *Folios*, and *Octavos* pour.

So when destructive *Boreas* Marches forth
With his Impetuous Forces of the *North*;
In Storms of Icy Rain he plows the Air,
Lays waste the Fields and makes the Orchards
bare:
Throws down the blooming Honour of the Boughs,
The Promise of the teeming Year and Lab'ring
Gardner's Vows.

All

All arm themſelves with Ammunition Books,
Contract their Brows, and Threaten with their Looks;
One with vindictive Hand light *Durfy* ſhakes;
Another, *Wycherly* more weighty, takes;
A Third tore *Weſtly* from the Duſty Wood,
Where long untouch'd the Mouldy *Epic* ſtood;
A fourth Up-heaves a leaden *Baſnage* high,
Stuff'd with *Rabbinical* Philoſophy.
Lo, a tremendous *Typhon* Guards the Front,
With Enterprizing *L——t's* Name upon't.
Oh! had'ſt thou, Mighty Nurſe of *Dulneſs*, liv'd
I'th' bright *Auguſtan* Age, we had receiv'd
The *Bavian* Works entire; *Mævius* by *Thee*
Had been Immortal as † *The Hollow Tree.*

The Abſent *Biblio's* Prentice ſtrives in vain,
Their more than *Gothick* Madneſs to reſtrain.

† *A Comedy printed for* B——d L——t. Volumes

Volumes aloft, a *Leathern Tempest*, Fly;
And Clouds of rising Dust involve the Sky.
They Bruise for Bruise Exchange, and Wound for Wound,
And Heaps of *Books* and *Bodies* raise the level Ground.

Here Tuneful *Waller* on the Pavement lay,
And near him *Quarles* once more beheld the Day:
Here *Aristotle* Flew, *Descartes* There;
The *Heroes* met, and * *Jostl'd* in Mid-Air.
Numberless Books appear'd this mighty Hour,
Which scarce were seen, or ever known before.
Here *Parthenissa* and *Cassandra* flew;
Romantic Weight did *Real Strength* subdue.
John Dunton too was seen, A wondrous Sight!
To Dust retir'd, Revisiting the Light:
And Towring the † *Dead Author* took his Flight.

Next,

* Descartes's *Philosophy is founded on contrary Principles to* Aristotle's.
† Dunton *writ Letters from Himself, as Dead.*

Next him, from its belov'd receſs is Torn
An Engliſh *Chevreau*, dead as ſoon as born.
The *Rites o'th' Church* alone Unſhaken ſtood,
And grinning ſmil'd at ſight of *Prieſtly* Blood.
A *Keeble's Statutes*, with Unfriendly Weight
Of crabbed Law, bruis'd *Girot*'s empty Pate.
When rough *Alcippus* felt a ſudden Shock;
Th' *Arabian Tales* his wounded Shoulder ſtruck:
Indolent Sheets! till now unus'd to bear
The rough Fatigues and barbarous Rage of War,
Supinely in ſoft Dreams *You* lull'd the *Fair*.
Some luckleſs Hand afreſh *Eliza* throws
At *Clotho*'s Head, and Smote him 'twixt the Brows;
When, Strange effect! the brawny Prieſt began
To Yawn and ſtretch; *Lethargic Stiffneſs* Ran
Thro' All the Magazines of Vital Heat;
The Veins no more Life's quickning task repeat;

The *Soporiferous* Rhimes benumb'd his Breast,
And with Strong *Opiats* forc'd him down to Rest.
Clelia wag'd *Amazonian* War Around,
And bore down many a *Hero* to the Ground.
'Twas by her Aid alone *Gorillion*'s Name
Reap'd Glorious Laurels, and a Deathless Fame.
* Ten times by Her he signaliz'd his Arm,
And Murd'rous bruises dealt and Mighty Harm.

But to Stout *Fabri*'s Virtue all must Yield;
Fabri the foremost Champion in the Field!
Hatch'd of a Sturdy *Consecrated* Brood,
Nurtur'd i'th' *Church*, And Cradle'd up in *Feud.*
Robust of *Body*, And of *Mind* as Hard,
No Danger his Intrepid Soul Debar'd,
And Equally for *All Events* prepar'd.
To *Fight* or *Eat He* never wou'd decline;
Nor knew the Use of *Water* with his *Wine.*

* Clelia *is in Ten Volumes in French.*

His

His *Single* Arm *Whole Squadrons* Overthrew ;
He *Guibert*, *Graſſet*, and *Grangullet* ſlew,
Beau *Gervaſe*, and inſipid *Guerin* too.

And now the *Prelate*'s Vanquiſh'd Forces Fly ;
Renounce their *Strength*, and On their *Speed* rely.
Fabri as faſt purſues the Scatt'ring Train,
Wounds 'em Behind, and Drives 'em o'er the Plain.

So have I ſeen a Tim'rous flock of Sheep
Affrighted Run, and in their Hurdles Creep ;
When ſome Fierce Wolf, the *Louis* of the Wood,
Attempts the Fold, to Feaſt himſelf with Blood.

Or when *Pelides* ſhook his Thundring Spear
On *Xanthus* Plains, the Terror of the War ;
The *Ilian* Troops ſtruck with Imperious Dread,
Behind their Rampires in Confuſion Fled.

When thus, to ſinking *Boirude*, *Brontin* Spoke;
I ſee, *Illuſtrious Sexton*, in thy Look
Some Seeds of Ancient Proweſs: Oh my Friend!
Let's to the laſt Our righteous Cauſe defend.
What ſhall *One* Canon over *Us* prevail,
And with his Single Weight thus turn the Scale?
Shall it be ſaid *One* Warrior bore away
The Glory of the Cope and this Deciſive Day?
No; Never let that Envious Babler's Fame
Tarniſh the Luſtre of thy Dauntleſs Name.
Come, and Behind my Screening Body ſtand,
This *Baſtion* ſhall ſecure Thee from his Hand.
Here, At his Head Fair *Afra*'s Works let fly;
And may they prove as killing as her Eye!

Boirude recall'd his Spirits to his Aid,
And with Collected force th' Advice Obey'd.

By

By *Brontin* Cover'd, Takes delib'rate Aim,
And at the Warrior darts the Miſſive Dame.

The tender Auth'reſs *Softens* on his Crown,
And Guiltleſs of a Wound fell *Feebly* down.

Ye Miſcreant Pair, ſaid *Fabri*, thus you ſee
My Front rebates your ſoft Artillery.
Think ye, that I, who like a Caſtle ſtand,
Can fall, the Conqueſt of a *Female* Hand?
Judge, if my Arm, with Mean exploits content,
Do's on it's Errand ſend an *Innocent*.
Lo! here! A *Folio*, ſwol'n with Floods of Gore,
Shall Crown the Carnage of this Bloody Hour!

With this, He *Fox's Book of Martyrs* choſe.
Four ill-joyn'd Boards the Coverture compoſe,

Burrow'd by Worms, and Edg'd with Iron round;
And with an Old black Sheep-skin half way bound.
No Silken Tyes it had, but at each Haſp
Hung by three Nails a Remnant of a Claſp.
Firm as it Stood upon the bending Shelf,
No Humane Force cou'd Stir it, but Himſelf.

This *Fabri* ſeiz'd, and brandiſhing on High
A-tiptoe Stands, and Guides it by his Eye,
Then at the trembling Slaves, half Dead with Fear,
Flings with both Hands the *Thunderbolt* of War.
And home it went. With *One* diſaſtrous Wound
Both Heroes fell, and Meaſuring Bit the Ground.
Torn with the Nails, and Pounded by the Wood,
The Pavement ſwam with guſhing Streams of Blood.
They churn'd the Duſt, and gnaſh'd their Teeth, and Howl'd,
And down the Stair-caſe o'er each Other rowl'd.

The

The *Prelate* ſaw their Fall with ghaſtful Eyes,
And ſent to Heav'n a Scream that pierc'd the Skies.
Struck back with Horror and Appall'd with Fear,
He curſes in his Heart the *God* of *War*,
With Silent Indignation he Retreats,
Yet ſtill the *Chanter* in his Mind defeats.
Then rallying his loſt Spirits, Makes a Stand,
And from his *Caſſock* Draws his Vengeful Hand.
Yes, ſaid the Mighty Chief, Tho' *Armies* fail,
Theſe *Bleſſing-giving Fingers* ſhall prevail.

Forward he moves, and upwards turns his Eyes,
Then Stretch'd his Fingers forth in Holy-Wiſe.
Kneeling in heaps the *Paſſengers* Receive
The *Benedictions* He prepares to Give,
With politic deſign to turn the Rout
Upon his Foes, who durſt not *Stand* him Out.

The Zealous Vulgar Force down All they Meet,
Nor will they Suffer One to keep his Feet.

Th' Out-witted Adverſe Hoſt, Confounded ſtare
At this unthought of Stratagem in War,
And dread the Storm approaching from afar.
Vainly the Trembling *Chanter* ſeeks for Aid
From his own Courage, or his Firm Brigade.
By *Both* Forſaken, *He* too now muſt *Fly*,
Or *Fall* before his Haughty Enemy.
The Conſternated Troops Themſelves Disband.
Yet None Eſcapes the ſwift-purſuing *Hand.*
Driv'n on each others Backs, and ſpur'd by Fear;
Still Hangs the Conquering *Finger* on their Rear.
Ev'rard, in Hopes to hide his threatn'd Head
From Holy Inſult, to a Corner Fled.

The

The Watchful *Prelate* ſaw his cloſe Retreat,
And ſtrait March'd up, his Conqueſt to Compleat.
Then Turning to the Right, he wheel'd around,
And *Bleſs'd* the frightn'd Champion to the Ground.
Thrice he Erects his Rebel Head in Vain,
The lengthen'd *Finger* forc'd him down again.
Oblig'd to Kneel, becauſe the *Mob*'s ſo near;
And what he owes to *Rev'rence* Pays to *Fear*.

The *Prelate* to the Temple Makes his Way
To taſte the Fruits of this Victorious Day.

The *Chanter* and the *Canons* too Return,
And *Inly* their defeated Project Mourn.
Vanquiſh'd by Pious Fraud, in Crouds they Preſt
Thro' the throng'd Doors, at once both *Maul'd* and *Bleſt*.

THE

The Watchful Fairies saw his close Retreat,
And from Malcolm [illegible] Conquest [illegible] Complaint.
Then Turning to the Heights, he wheel'd around,
And Mark'd [illegible] Highland Champion [illegible] Ground.
Thrice he [illegible] his Target [illegible] in Vain,
The long [illegible] Hilt [illegible] him [illegible]
Oblig'd [illegible]
And [illegible]

The [illegible]
To [illegible]

The [illegible]
And [illegible]
Vanquish'd [illegible] Ground [illegible]
Thro' [illegible] and

[illegible]

THE LUTRIN.

CANTO VI.

HILE All Things thus to outward View Concur
To fan the *Fire*, and carry on the *War*;
True Piety who long had lain Conceal'd
And to the * *Alps* her exil'd Head reveal'd.
Deep in her Desart hears the Mournful Crys
Which from *Lutetia*'s distant Walls arise.

* La Grande Chartreuse *among the* Alps.

Up

Up rose th' Angelic Form, for well She knew
Th' imploring Accents of her faithful *Few.*
The Heavenly Maid quits her Divine Retreat.
Faith leads the Way with Safe, Unerring Feet;
Gay *Hope* Supports and Hands her in the Course,
While *Charity* Attends her with the Purse.
Tow'rds the Parisian Gates her flight she bent;
Where with a holy Confidence, the Saint
At *Themis* Feet prefers her just Complaint.

Oh Virgin! thou who dost my Shrines Support!
Scourge of the *Bad*, and the *Good* Man's *Resort!*
No human Passion can o'er *Thee* Prevail;
Nor ought, but *Right*, turn thy impartial Scale.
Shall I ne'er come to thy Salubrious Arms,
But thus in Tears and Sighs to give Alarms?

Is't

Is't not enough that in despight of Thee
My Name's assum'd by Vile *Hypocrisy*,
That her rapacious Hand shall Seize my Due,
My *Croziers*, *Mitres* and *Tiara* too?
Must I behold my Heritage laid Waste,
My Vineyard made a Prey to each Wild Beast!
In Stormy Times, and when my Reign was young,
My God-like Sons, with Holy Ardor stung,
Wou'd Face a Tempest, and, prepar'd to Die,
The Thunder of a Tyrant's Rage defy:
Soon as Baptiz'd, in Martyrdom expire,
And from the *Font* Run joyful to the *Fire*.
With my Inspiring Name their Souls were fill'd,
And only breath'd the Doctrines I Instill'd.
To High Preferments call'd in Church or State,
True to my Rules they scorn'd the glittering bait,
Nor Mounted the World's Stage but with Regret.

Those

Thoſe Hearts that did No Racks nor Tortures
ſhun
Wou'd from a *Mitre*'s profer'd Honour Run.
Fearleſs of Pain, and Toil, and Earthly Loſs,
Thro' Thorns and over Rocks they bore the *Croſs.*
In Vain did gaping Hell's Artillery play;
Preſſing to Heav'n they forc'd their glorious Way.
But when the *Church* her Altars had *Immur'd*,
With the Cementing Blood of Saints Secur'd;
When Chriſten'd Kings had Smooth'd her *Stormy*
Face,
A Dangerous *Calm* Succeeded in the Place;
A Slack *Indifference* Stagnated the Flood,
Deaden'd their Spirits and benumb'd their Blood.
The Ardor of their burning *Zeal* decreas'd;
And lagging *Faith* their load of Sins Confeſs'd.
The Mortifying *Monk* grown Debonair
Shook off the Aſhes, and his Coat of Hair.

The

The Prelate, by Intrigues prefer'd to Place,
High Living held to be Sufficient Grace;
A Croſs and Mitre, painted on his Coach,
Virtue Enough to Silence All Reproach.
Humility to Stalking *Pride* gave Way;
And in the * Frock's foul Greaſe *Ambition* lay.
Then Diſcord ſoon the Ties of Love Unbound,
And to my Sacred Cloyſters Entrance found.
There with my Wealth ſhe Built her Strongeſt Forts,
Drag'd all my Subjects to Litigious Courts;
In Vain my bending Knees her Steps prevent;
Under *my Banners* March'd this Inſolent.
Falſe Teachers next, in Numerous Crouds Ariſe,
To fill the Meaſure of my Miſeries.
Then Dangerous Hereſies began their Reign,
And Execrable Maxims craz'd the Brain.

That

* *Frock.* A Monk's Habit.

That 'tis Enough, to *Dread* the Pow'r Above,
And Servile *Fear*'s prefer'd to Filial *Love.*
That *God* Neceſſitates the Doing Ill,
By pre-determining his Creatures Will.
That *Reaſon* is the only Sovereign Queen,
And *Faith* no Evidence of Things not ſeen.
Church-Champions Me with formal Lips addreſs,
And at my Feet for Abſolution preſs.
Pure to the *Outward* Eye, but Foul *Within*,
Place all their Virtue in *Confeſſing* Sin.

Chas'd by theſe Trait'rous Black Attempts, I fled;
Propitious Heaven my Exil'd Progreſs led,
To ſeek a Calm Retreat, a Halcyon Cell,
Where Deadly Colds and Freezing Vapours Dwell.
Thoſe Hills with everlaſting Ice Confin'd,
Where *Winter* never yet to *Spring* Reſign'd.

Ev'n

Ev'n *There* the News of my Misfortunes flew,
My Fears return'd, and old Wounds bled anew.
This Day too faithfully a Voice I heard,
Fraught with Disastrous News I little fear'd.
That *Temple*; where a King of * *Holy* Name,
Devoted all his Toils, and Fruits of Fame,
Whose Pompous Form, and Wealth Immense reveal
The flowing Grandeur of the *Founder*'s Zeal,
Lo! now with Lux'ry fill'd, and foul Debate!
Boundless their Pride, Implacable their Hate.
Honour and *Duty*, Empty Sounds, are fled;
While *Tyranny* Erects her *Hydra-Head.*
And wilt thou, *Sister*, with indiff'rent Eyes
Behold their Malice, and my Cause despise?
And shall this *Temple*, to *my* Glory rais'd,
Where thronging *Vot'ry's* Once *Ador'd* and *Prais'd*;

* *St.* Louis, *Founder of the Holy Chapel.*

Shall it be fill'd with *Sacrilegious* War?
For *Combatants* the ſhameful *Theatre?*
Oh No! at length let thy ſwoln Vengeance burſt!
Impunity too long their Crimes has Nurſt.
Ariſe then, *Themis*, ſhake thy flaming Rod;
Abſolve the *Heav'ns*, and Vindicate a *God!*

Thus to her Siſter ſpoke the Plaintive *Dame*;
Grace kindling in her Eyes *Æthereal* Flame.
Themis Aſſures an undeferr'd Redreſs;
With Cordial Speech thus Chearing her Diſtreſs.

Dear, Holy Siſter, Thou whoſe Ears and Eyes
Were Never ſhut to Other's Miſeries;
But ſtill with thy Officious Helpful Hands,
Haſt wip'd away their Tears, and loos'd their Bands.

Why

Why doſt thou Sorrow thus without Relief?
And give thy Heavenly Charms a Prey to Grief?
Swell not thoſe Beauteous Eyes with Cauſeleſs
Tears,
Nor Entertain Anticipating Fears.
What if thy lukewarm Subject's Ardor Cools,
Warp'd by a proſp'rous Sun-ſhine from thy Rules?
On an Eternal Rock thy *Church* is built,
And Fortified with Blood of *Martyrs* ſpilt.
Tho' *Hell* its firm Foundations ſhould aſſail,
Yet never ſhall the Gates of *Hell* prevail.
Midſt all the Show'rs of perſecuting Darts,
Thy Name ſtill Cheriſh'd lives in *Faithful* Hearts.
Yes; In this very Place, now up in Arms
To Cruſh Thee, and Diſhonour all thy Charms,
Thou ſhalt Return; Their fierce Debates ſhall Ceaſe,
The Storm be huſh'd, and all Compos'd to Peace.

Lo, yon Vaſt *Dome*, by Mortals much Revere'd,
Where ſuppliant *Clients* at *all Hours* are heard!
There ſits a Matchleſs Man, and bears in State
My Honourable *Purple*'s Pompous Weight.
For *Me*, his Valuable Health Impairs;
Nor does the lab'ring Sun ſee half *His* Cares.
Ariſtus He———
By *Heav'n* and *Heaven*'s Vicegerent juſtly choſe
To Rule my *Balance*, and Diſpence my *Laws*.
Now on my Throne, by *Him* confirm'd, I ſee
The *Bench* redeem'd, and reſcu'd *Bar* ſet free
From Hoſtile Arts of howling *Chicanry*.
Fair *Truth* invited by his friendly Aid,
Returns aſſur'd, and lifts her chearful Head;
At foul *Impoſtures* Name ſhe ſhakes no more;
But Triumphs o'er the Fiend ſhe Fear'd before.
Inhuman *Guardians* now no longer dare
Prey on the *Orphan*, and devour their Care.

But

But wherefore do I vainly thus Aſpire
To paint the Man thou Knowſt, and All admire?
Ariſtus is *thy* Work, his Image *thine*,
'Twas Thou that Form'd him, like thy ſelf, Divine,
And brooding o'er the Infant's tender Shell,
Gave him in Spotleſs Merit to Excell.
Thy Leſſons with the early Milk Imbib'd,
Are nobly in his Nervous Senſe deſcrib'd.
His Soul thus fir'd with thy *Cœleſtial* Flame,
Ne'er made one baſe degen'rate Step to Shame.
His hardy Zeal, for Uſeful Action made,
Ne'er ruſted in the dark *Monaſtic* Shade.
Haſte, Siſter, and the Godlike Man addreſs;
His Op'ning Gates thy Preſence will confeſs.
All know thee There; for All thy Laws obſerve,
And *Imitate* the pious Man they *Serve*.
One Glance from *Thee* will pierce his inmoſt Soul,
Which *Love*, nor *Fear*, nor *Hatred* can Controul.

Thy

Thy Aſpect's Silent Rhetorick ſhall gain
What Earth-born Eloquence may Ask in vain.

Thus *Themis* ſpoke. Her Siſter's raviſh'd Ears
Bleſt the ſweet Muſick that allay'd her Fears;
Then wing'd with Joy, ſhe to *Ariſtus* flies,
And Obvious to his *Intellectual* Eyes
The *Goddeſs* thus beſpoke her faithful Friend;
In vain thy *Courage* and thy *Zeal* contend
To Juſtify my Cauſe, and Rights Defend;
If Impious *Diſcord* * *at thy Doors* preſume
Thus to inſult me and my Throne aſſume.

Within thoſe Walls, once Holy and Renoun'd,
(Strangers to Every inharmonious Sound)
Poiſon'd by *Diſcord*'s ſtimulating Rage,
Two mighty Pow'rs in adverſe Arms Engage.

With

* *The* Chapel *was near Mr.* Lamoignon's *Palace.*

Mr. Lamoignon *(the* Ariſtus *of* Boileau*) was* Premier Preſident; *a Place of Law and Equity too.*

With Cruel Feuds my Altars they Prophane,
While *Piety* exalts her Voice in vain.
Thou then, to whom th' Oppreſs'd for Aid appeal,
Do Thou their ſharp *Religious* Ulcers heal.
Save *Me* from ſplitting on theſe dangerous Shelves;
Save *Them*, *Ariſtus*, Save 'em from *Themſelves!*

She ſpoke; the Hero leaves, and ſinks in Air.
A while he lay in *Extaſie* of *Pray'r*:
All cover'd o'er with Flames divinely bright,
He Own'd the lovely Virgin's *Heavenly* Light.
And now recover'd from the dazling View,
Convenes the *Prelate* and the *Chanter* too.
But, O my *Muſe*, in this Sublimer Part
Aid my faint *Spirit* and *Inſpire* my *Art!*
Unequal I, to ſing the Man, or tell
How by his Mighty Art fierce *Diſcord* fell.

What

What *Godlike Cares*, And what *Herculean Toils*
He paſs'd, to Reconcile the *Church*'s Broils.

Thou rather, who the mighty Cure Apply'd,
And broke their Stubborn *Sacerdotal* Pride,
Inform the liſt'ning Age what Wond'rous Skill
Suppl'd the *Chanter*'s Heart and Cool'd his Zeal.
Thou Know'ſt, by what prevailing Councel wrought,
With his own Hands th' invidious *Desk* he brought;
And how the *Prelate*, pleas'd with his *Devoir*,
Soon ſent it back and baniſh'd it the *Choir*.

Speak *Thou* theſe Miracles; I've done *my* Part,
And Spun out Eighteen Hundred Lines by Art.
Nor let the Man's Attempt be raſhly damn'd,
Who from a Simple *Desk* a Second *Iliad* fram'd.

Still burns the *Muſe* to ſpeak the *Hero*'s Praiſe;
And with *Thy* Name Immortalize her Lays.

But

But when ſhe Meaſures the Tranſcendant Height,
Her feeble Wings Decline the dangerous Flight.
The trembling Sounds are daſh'd upon her Tongue,
And *Admiration* interdicts her *Song*.

So in the famous *Hall* where *Themis* ſways,
And re-inthron'd by *Thee* exerts her Rays,
A Youth, who fain wou'd to the *Barr* proceed,
And from a *Hearing-Counſel* Call'd to *Plead*,
At length, Surrounded with *Black Gowns* and *Fears*,
The Aukward Wreſtler at the *Barr* appears;
Entring the Lifts, his Virgin-*Motion* makes;
But ſoon the Oil his fault'ring Tongue forſakes.
Thy Awful Preſence Thunder-ſtrikes his Senſe,
And Diſarrays his Puny Eloquence.
The bluſhing *Orator* Attempts in vain,
The Thred of his Diſtracted Speech to gain.

On

On the *last* Word tenaciously he Dwells,
And lengthens out the bashful Syllables.
He Stammers, Pauses, Stops, and Speechless grown,
With Shame Oppress'd young *Cicero* plunges down.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 6. line 3. for *What then*, read *Have then*. p. 8. l. 5. for *Flowr blooming*, r. *Flowry Bloom*. p. 69. l. 12. for *Believes it Three*, r. *Believes it Noon*. p. 85. l. 11. for *Meagre*, r. *Busy*. p. 90. l. 2. for *Hall*, r. *Cave*. p. 97. l. 3. for *Rites*, r. *Rights*. p. 100. l. 9. for *Babler's*, r. *Babler*. Ibid l. 13. for *Afra*, r. *Trotter*.